

JULY  
No. 43

# CRACK COMICS

10¢



## *Captain* **TRIUMPH**

smashes the evil  
spell of

**SILENT!**



STILL  
**60**  
PAGES  
FOR  
**10¢**

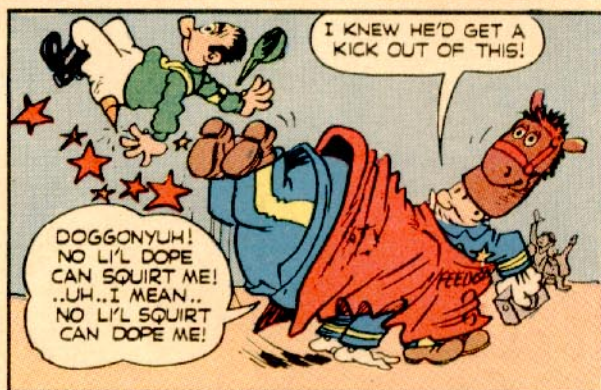
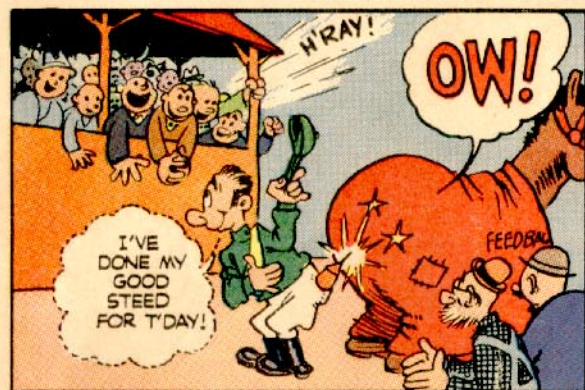
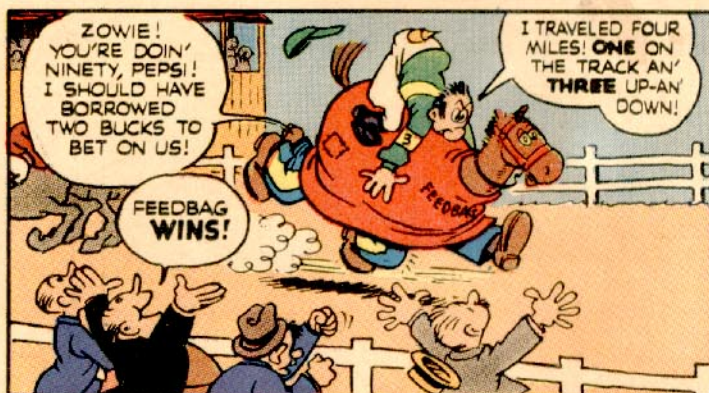
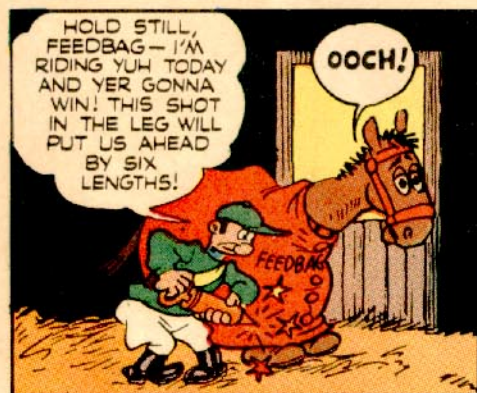
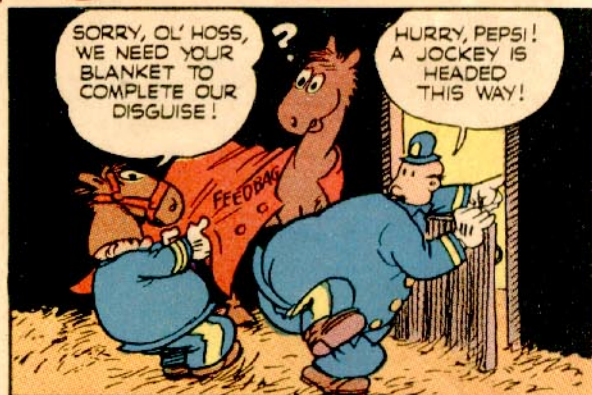




WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# "PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP





**SILENT** was his name!  
And silent were his deeds!  
Men jumped at his slightest  
gesture and the underworld  
bowed to his unspoken  
commands!

But the evil spell was broken when the crime ring found itself surrounded by *Captain Triumph!*

# Captain TRIUMPH





CRACK COMICS





After midnight, a special delivery letter arrives at the home of Kim Meredith, the girl who was Michael's fiancée!

A LETTER FROM AN ATTORNEY NAMED DILLARD! I'VE HEARD OF HIM SOMEWHERE — BUT WHY SHOULD HE WRITE TO ME?

I REMEMBER READING IN THE PAPERS THAT HE HOPES TO EXPOSE A COMBINATION OF ORGANIZED CRIME GANGS! READ THE LETTER, KIM!

HE SAYS: "DEAR MISS MEREDITH, I KNOW YOU HAVE SOME CONNECTION WITH THE FAMOUS BUT ELUSIVE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH---AND SINCE I KNOW HOW THE FORCES OF CRIME ARE DETERMINED TO GET THIS ENCLOSED DOCUMENT —

HE MEANS THAT BLUNCH OF PAPERS HE SENT ALONG, BIFF!

and if I'm destroyed, I entrust to Captain Triumph, through you, this stolen agreement of the city's crime leaders, signed by all of them. See that it is used to convict them.  
Yours for justice,  
Matthew Calbraith Dillard  
ATTY-AT-LAW

IS THAT THE McCOY, LANCE? A REAL HUNK OF WRITING SIGNED BY THE LOCAL TYCOONS OF TURPITUDE?

IT'S ALL OF THAT, BIFF! DILLARD HAD THE INFORMATION AND NERVE TO STEAL IT FROM THEM! --NO WONDER HE FIGURES THEY'LL KILL HIM TO GET IT BACK!

FIRST THING TO DO IS HIDE THIS EVIDENCE —

AND SECOND IS TELEPHONE DILLARD! WE STILL ONLY HALF UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON!

But, at Dillard's apartment...

SO DILLARD WOULDN'T TELL WHAT HE'D DONE WITH THE DOCUMENTS --- SO NOW HE'S PAST TALKING OR LIVING!

YOU WANT I SHOULD ANSWER THE PHONE, SILENT? OKAY!

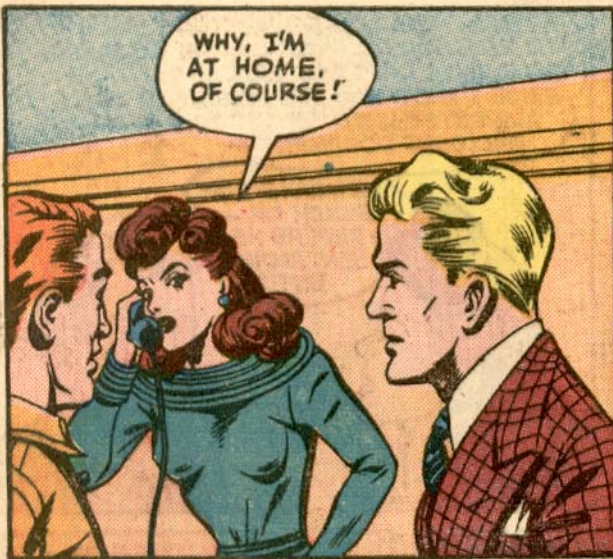
R-RINGG!

MR. DILLARD? THIS IS KIM MEREDITH! I GOT THE DOCUMENT YOU MAILED---

MR. DILLARD'S NOT HERE, MISS MEREDITH! BUT I'LL TAKE ANY MESSAGE! WHERE ARE YOU?



CRACK COMICS



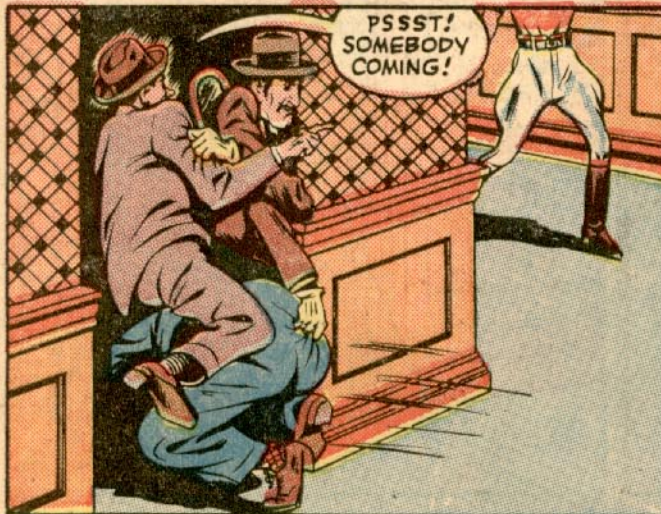


CRACK COMICS

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH is also in the mind of Lance Gallant...



The twins merge into indomitable *Captain TRIUMPH*!

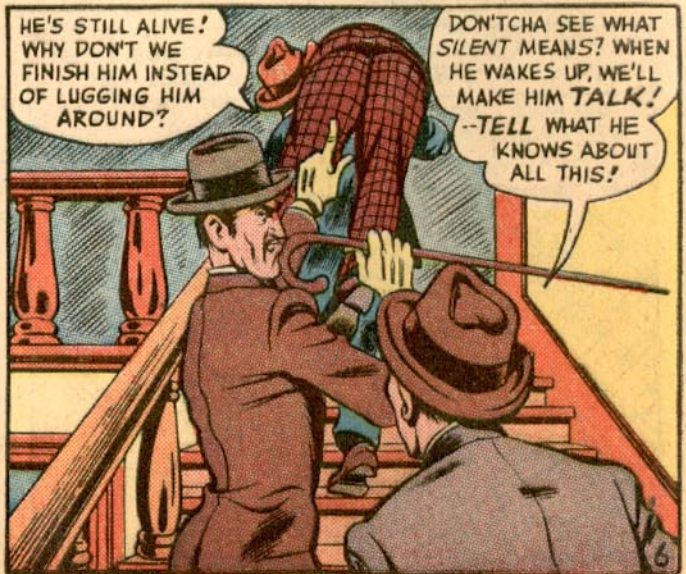


A touch on the magic birthmark divides CAPTAIN TRIUMPH into the brothers again--



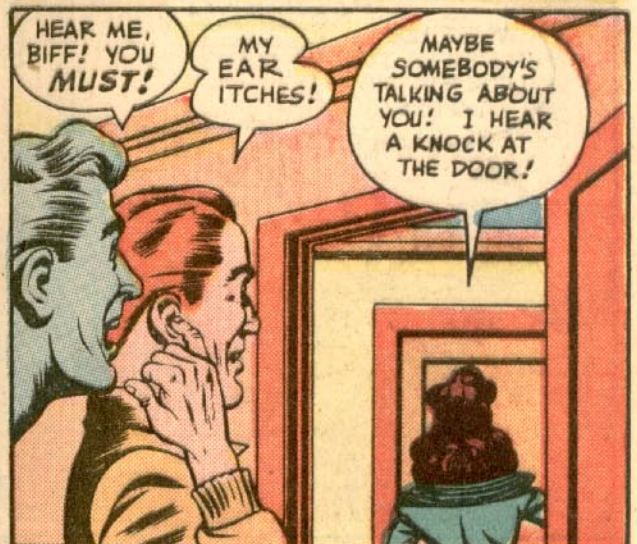


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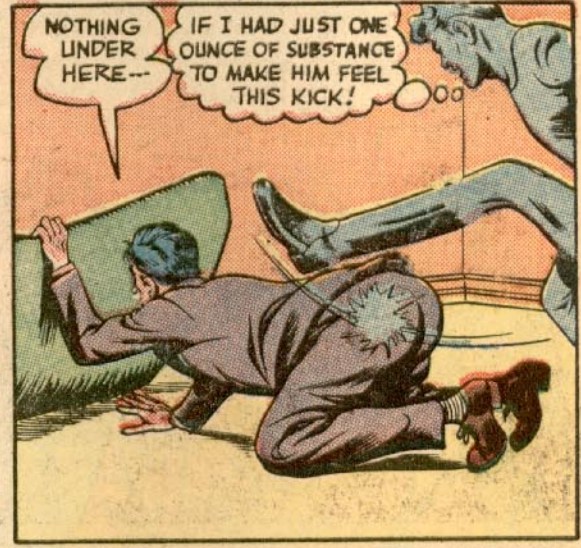
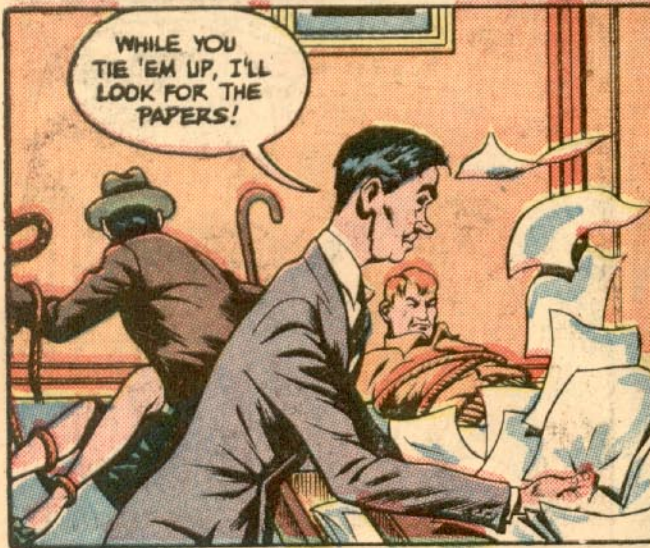


# CRACK COMICS





CRACK COMICS



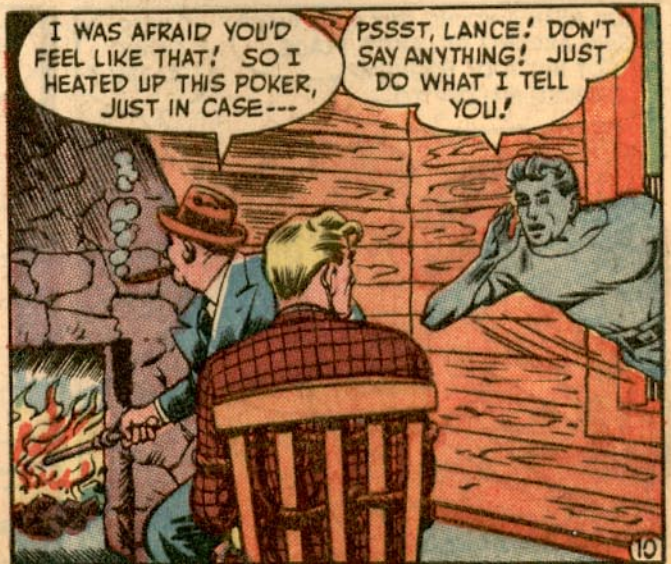
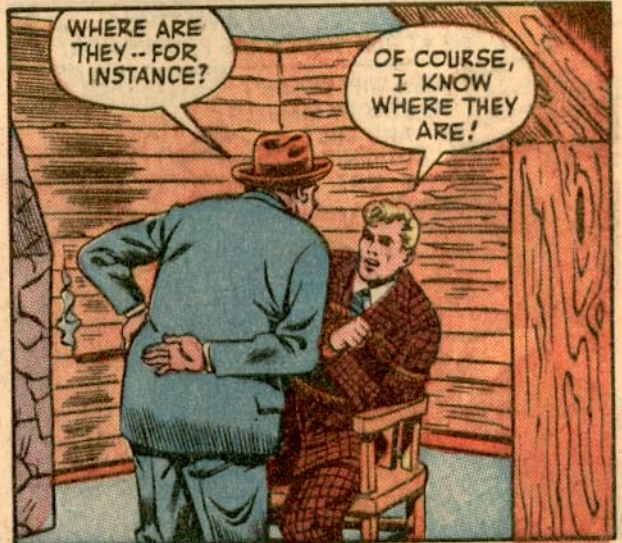


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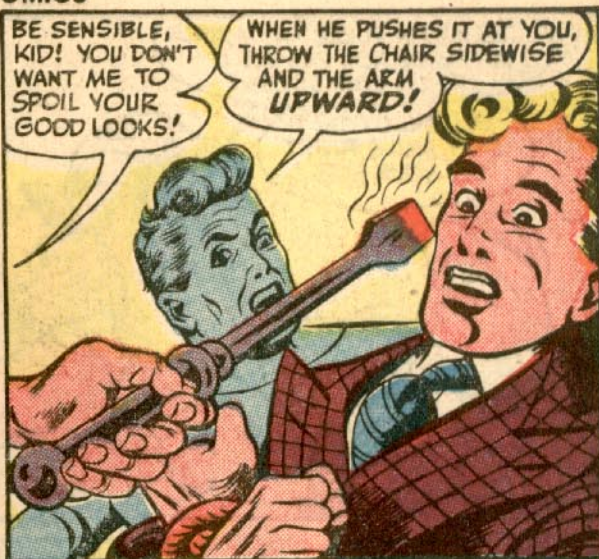


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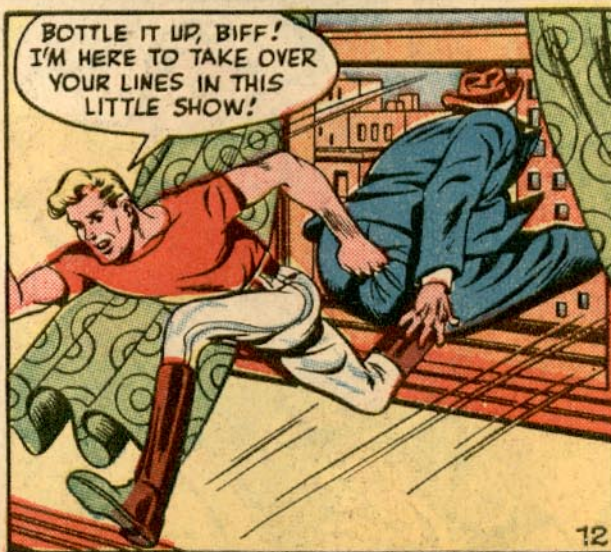
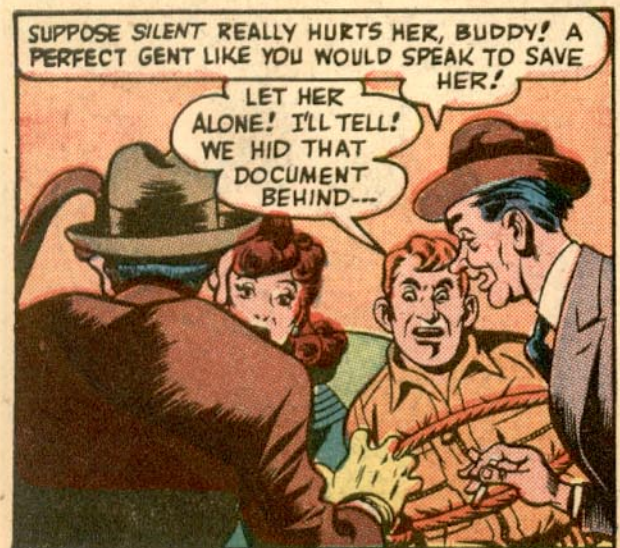
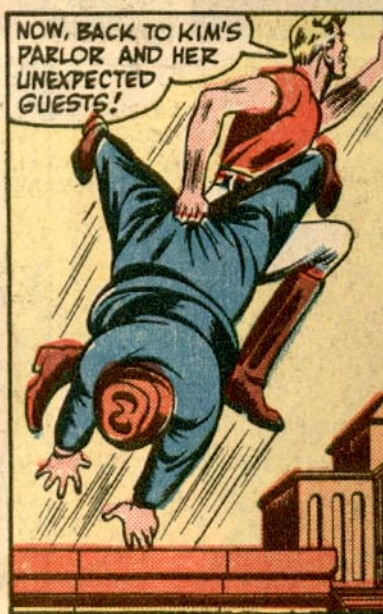


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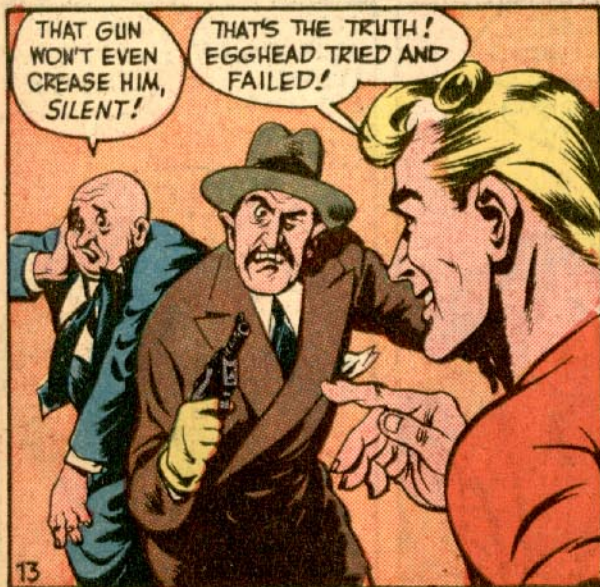
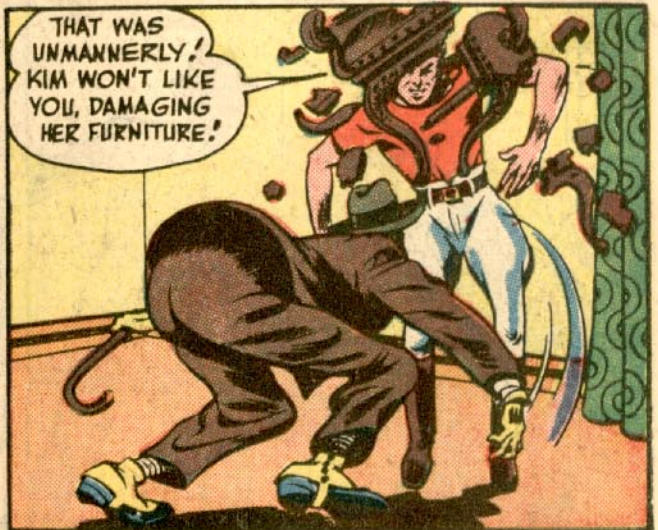
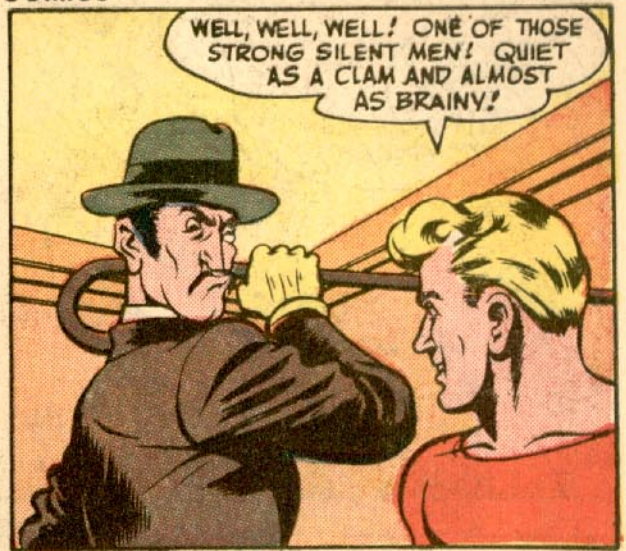
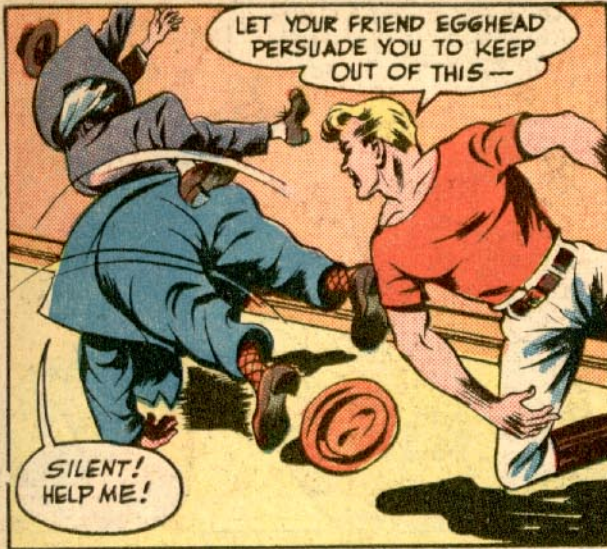




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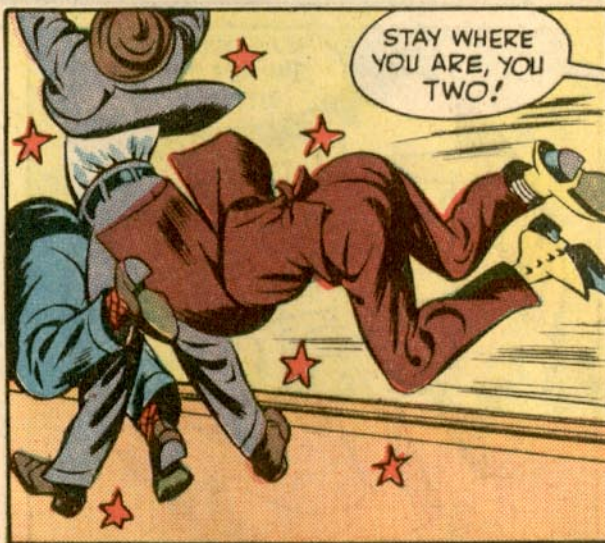






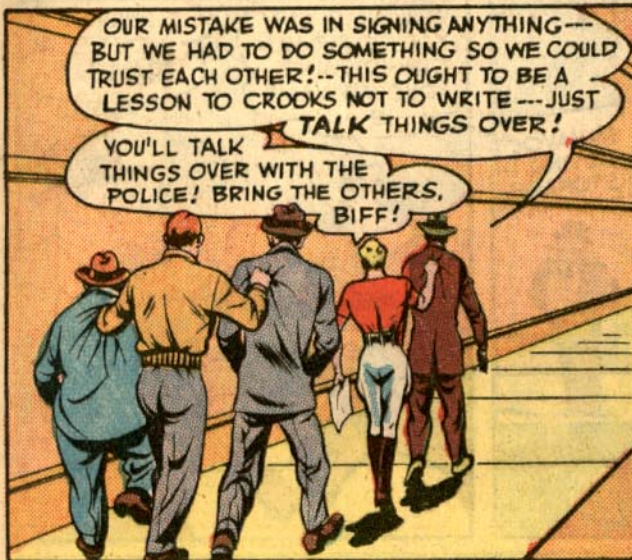


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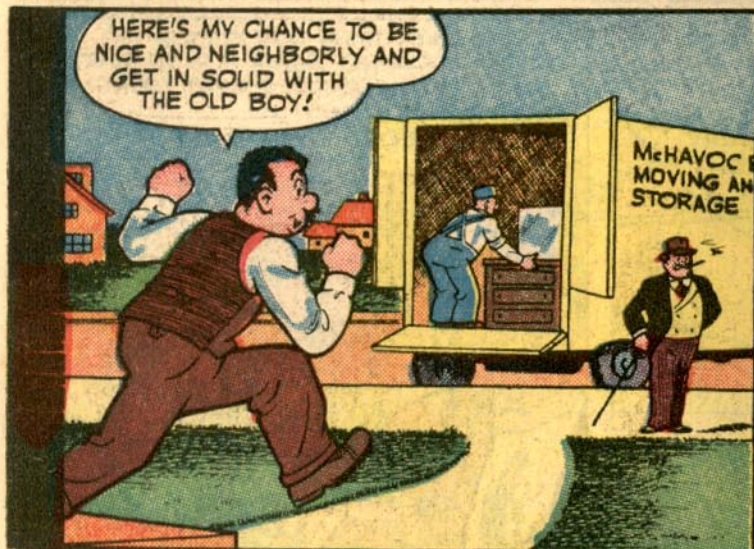
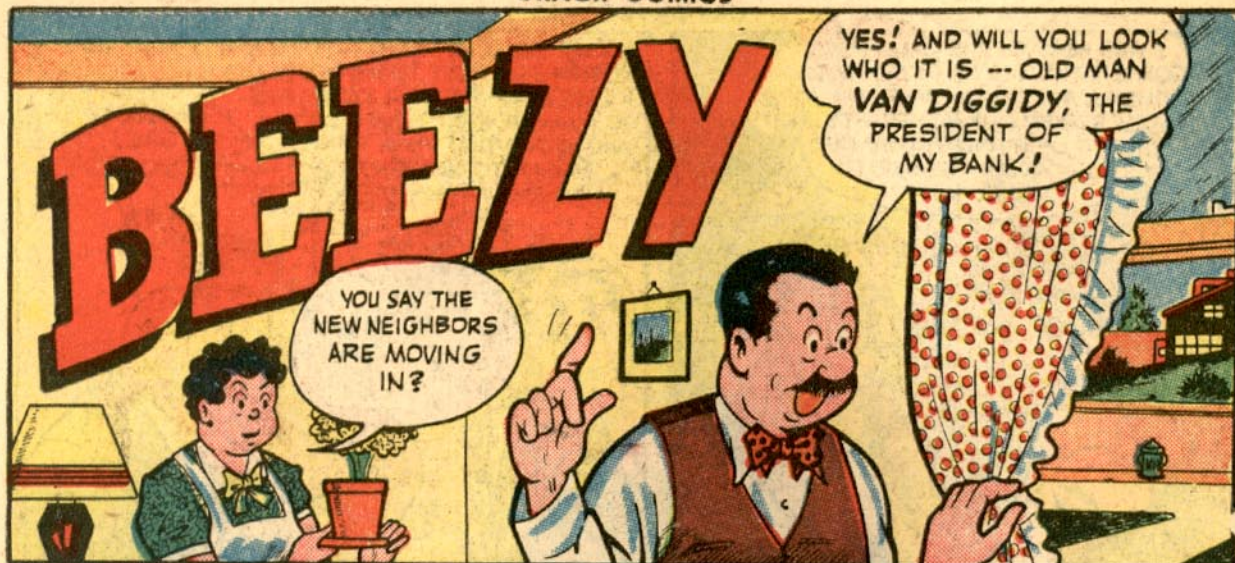




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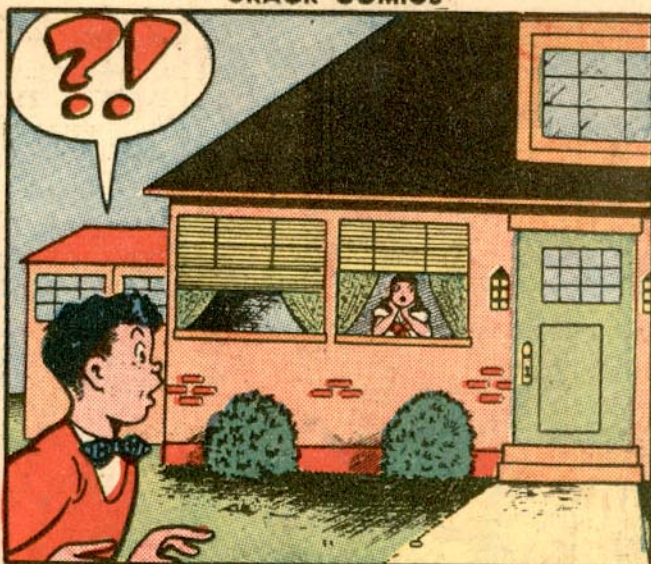
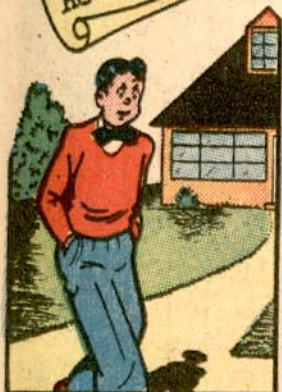




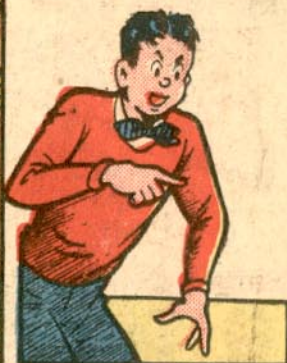




Next day...  
Beezy passes  
the new  
neighbors' house...



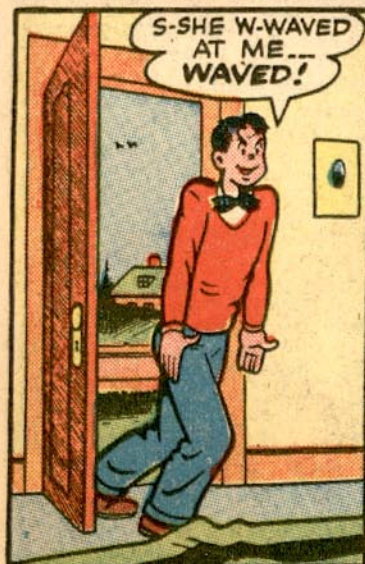
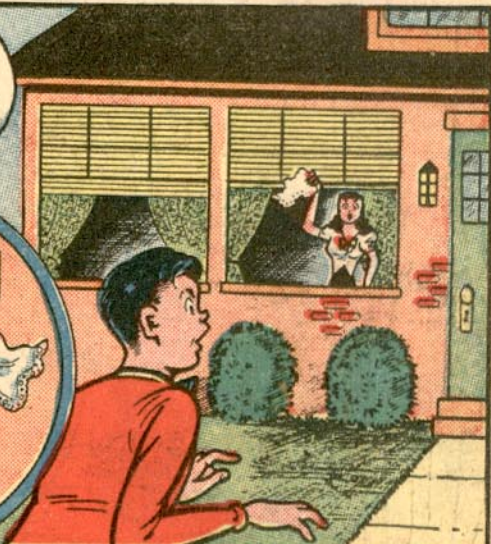
THAT GAL --  
SMILING-AT-ME--  
---ME! AND--  
AND--WHAT  
A GAL!



But what Beezy  
doesn't see...

"AS DONALD'S STALWART  
FORM DEPARTS OFF DOWN-  
STAGE-LEFT--DIANA, SMILING  
BRAVELY THROUGH HER TEARS,  
WAVES HIM A TREMULOUS  
FAREWELL FROM HER  
WINDOW!"

THE COACH  
SAYS IF I  
MASTER THIS  
BIT OF BUSINESS,  
THE PART IS  
MINE!



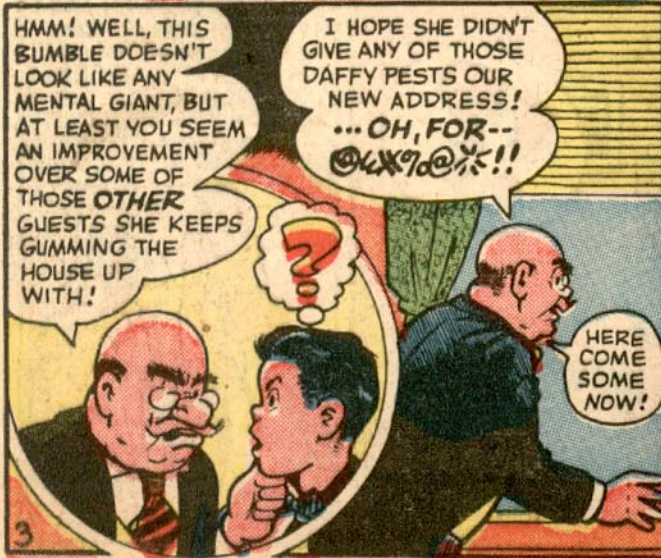
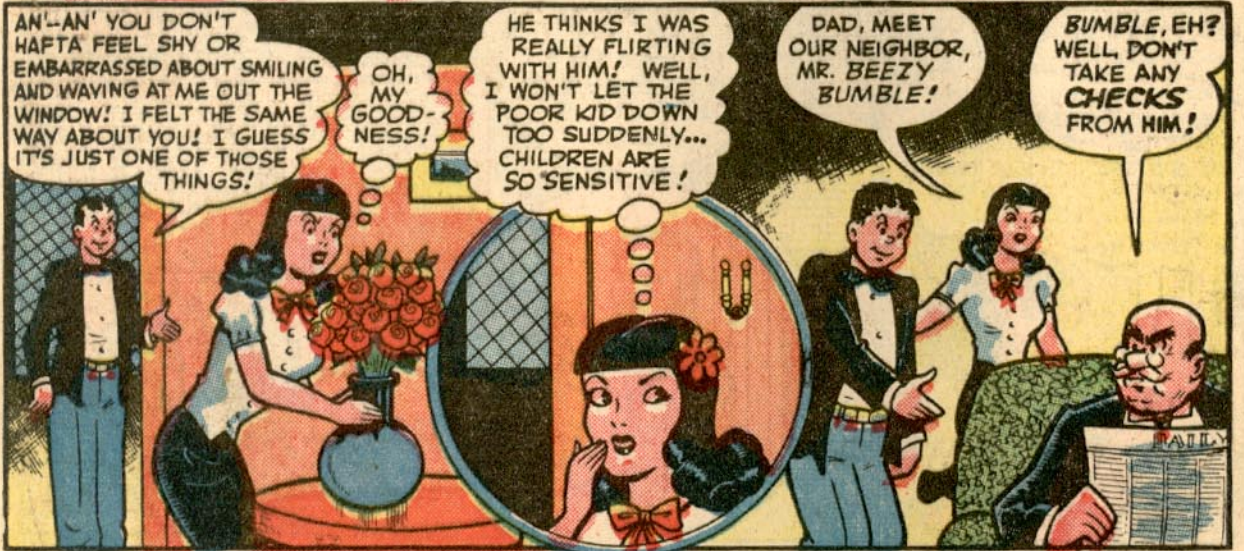
S-SHE W-WAVED  
AT ME--  
WAVED!



BUT  
HOW CAN  
SHE GO  
FOR ME?  
THAT'S THE  
PROBLEM,  
SIS!

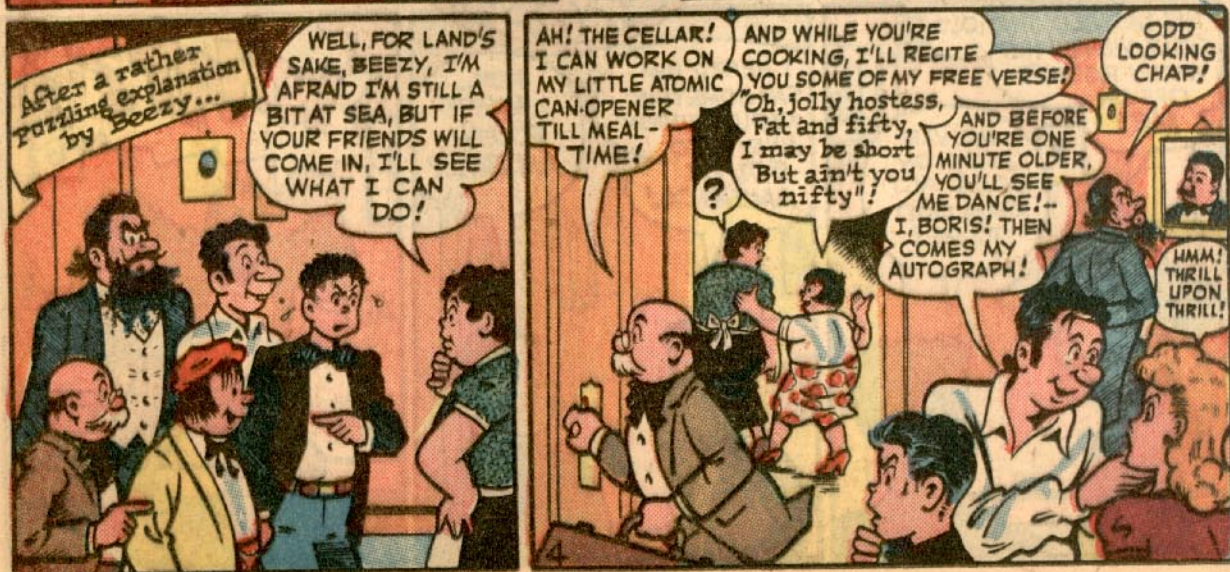
WOMEN ARE  
FUNNY! SOME-  
TIMES THE MOST  
ATTRACTIVE GIRLS  
GO FOR THE  
SILLIEST LOOKING  
MEN...OPPOSITES  
ATTRACT, YOU  
KNOW!





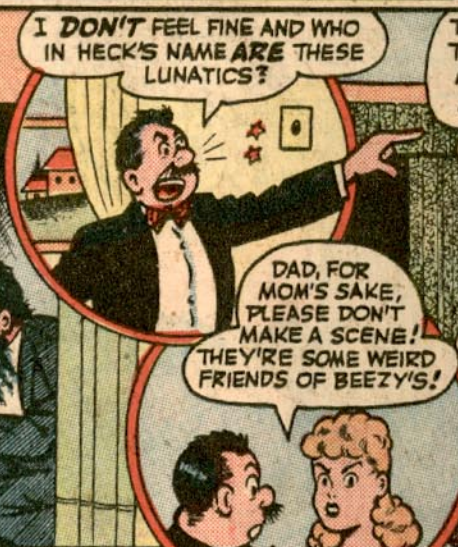
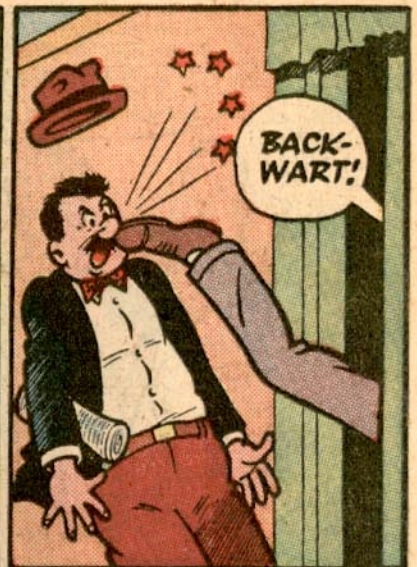


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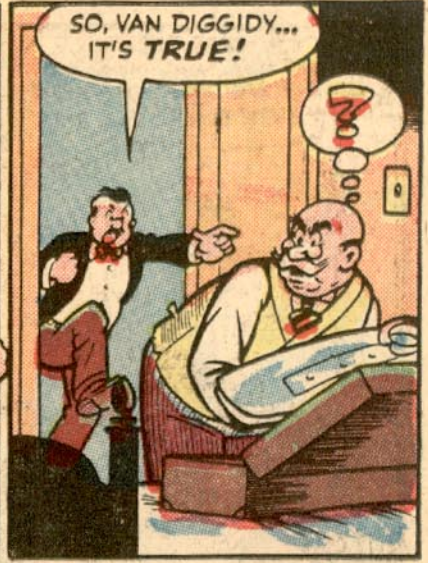


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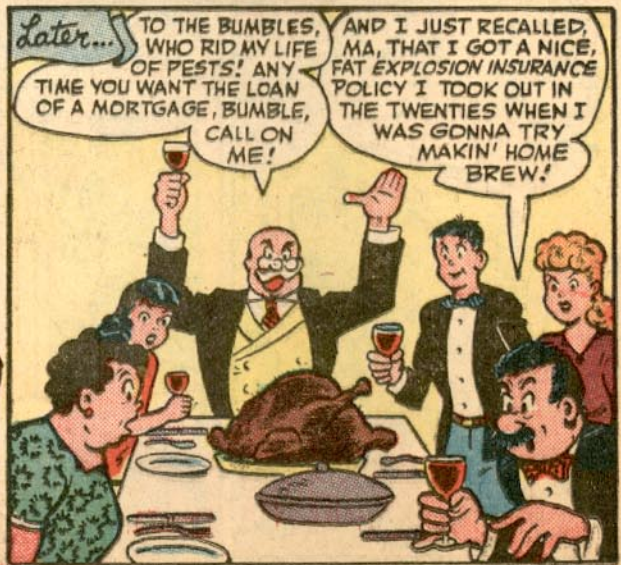
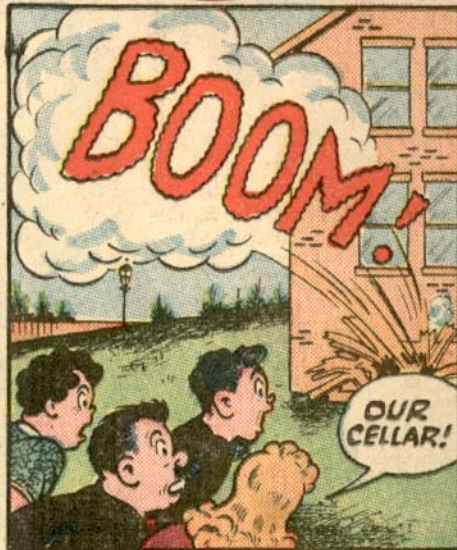
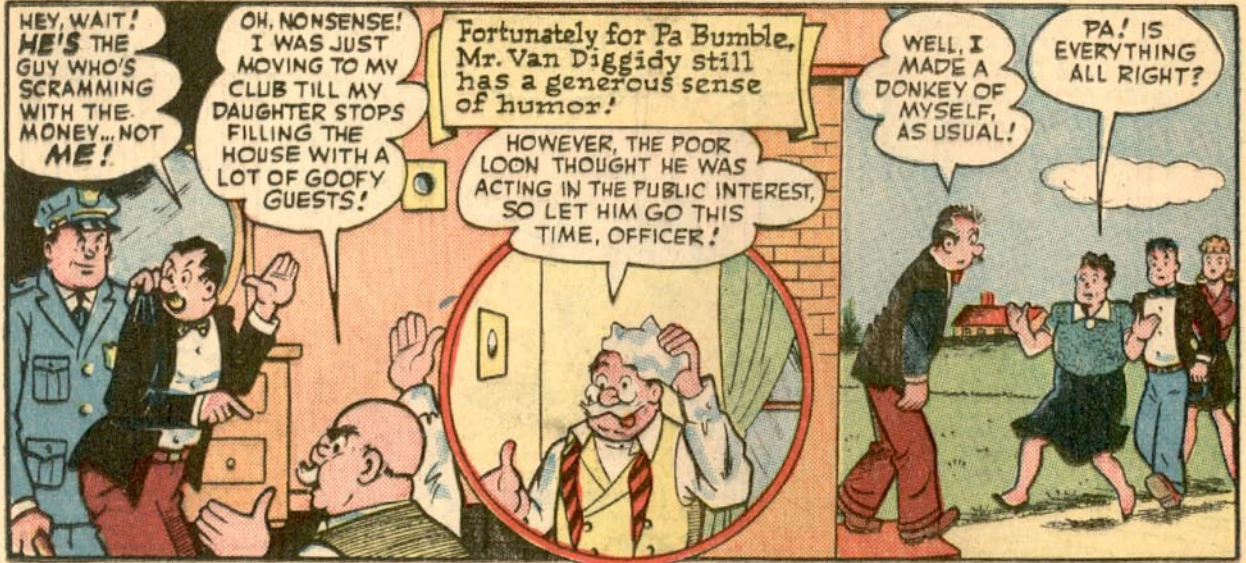


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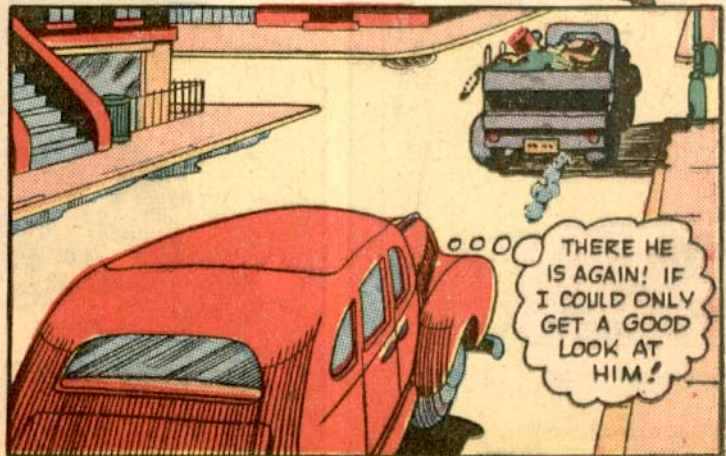
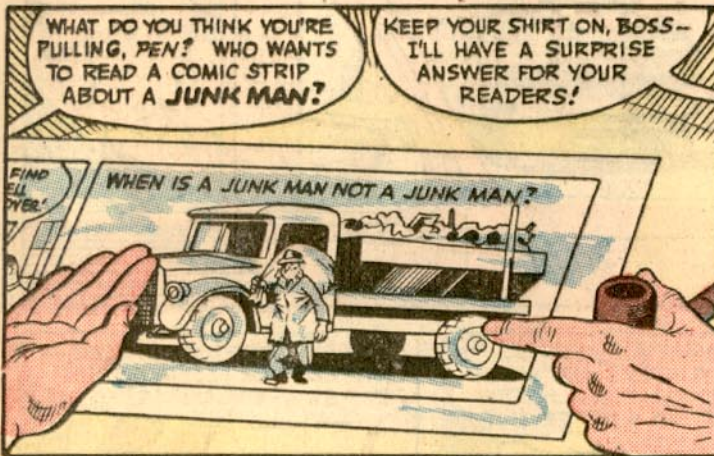




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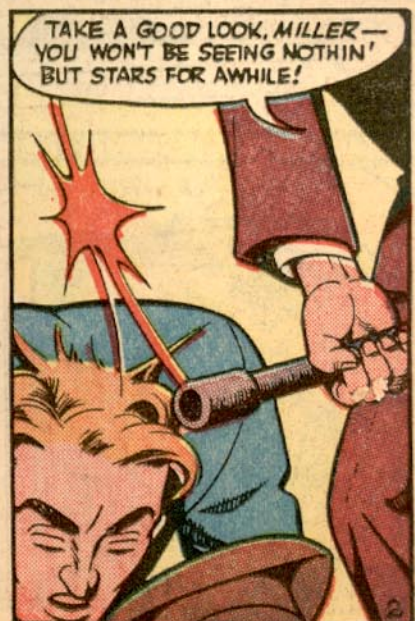
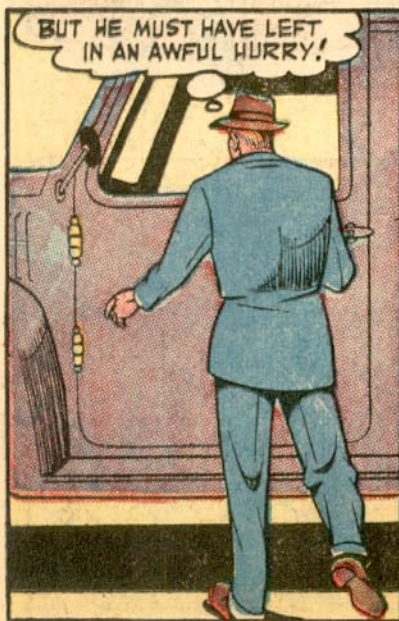
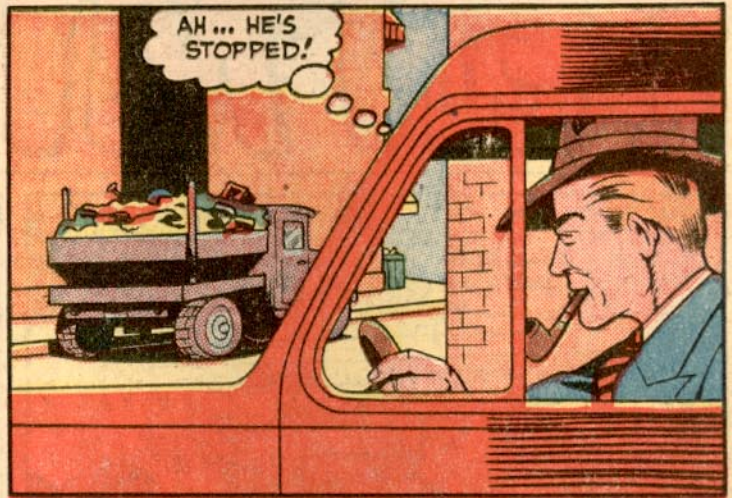
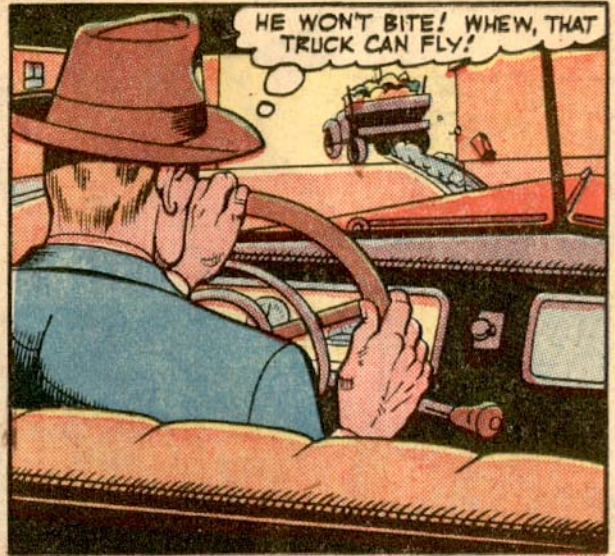
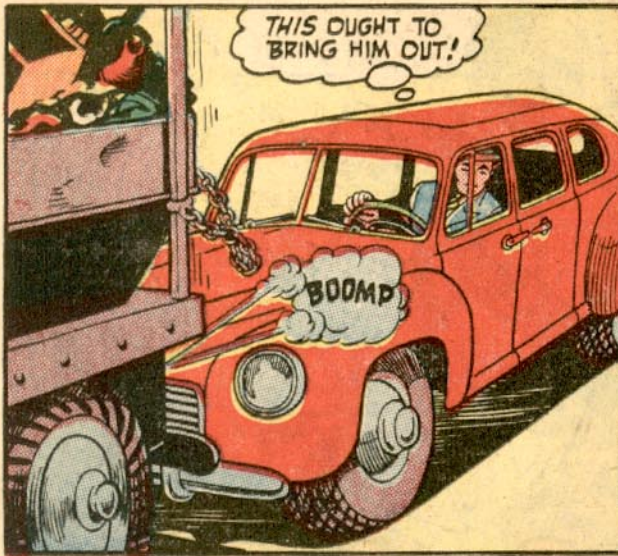






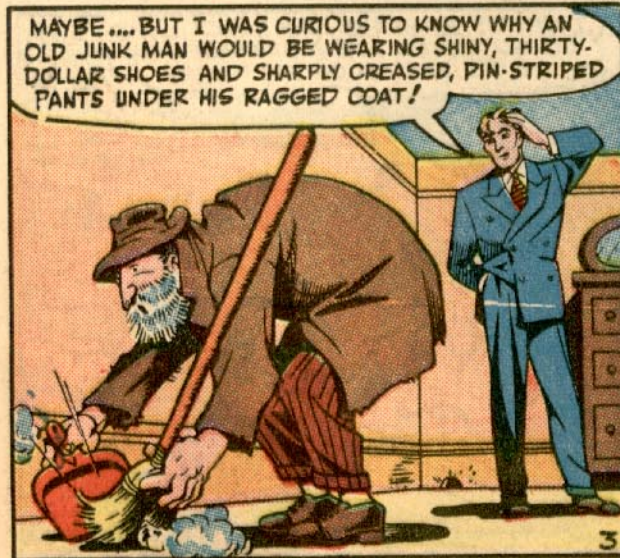
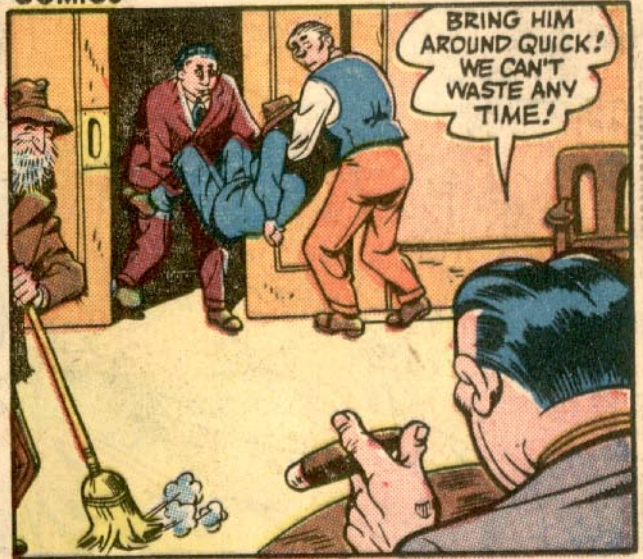


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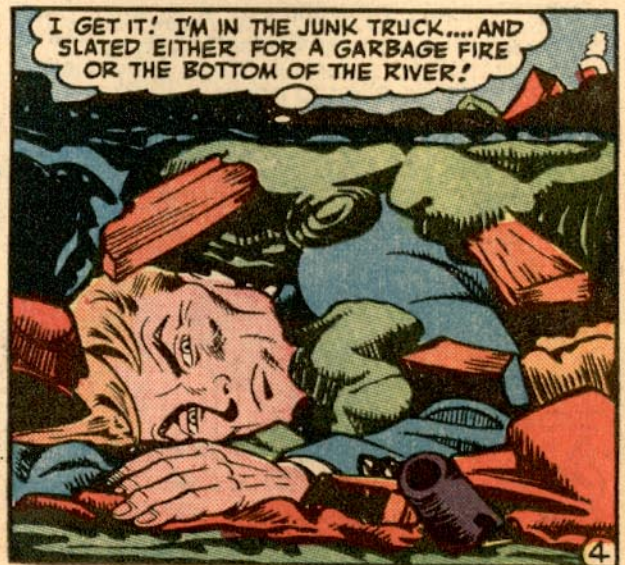
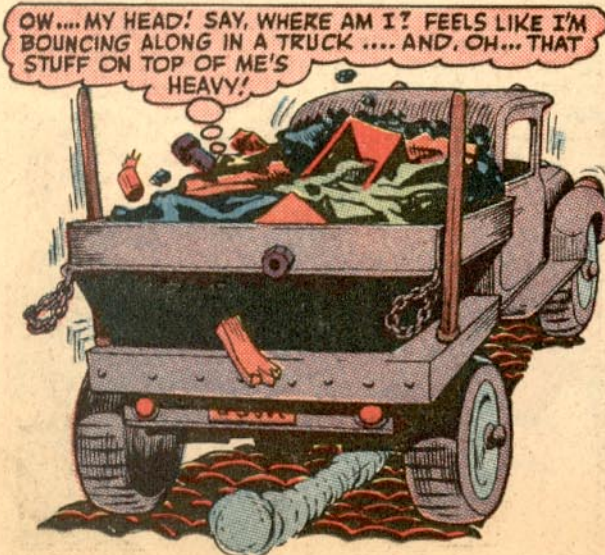
# CRACK COMICS



WELL...WELL... IT CAN TALK! AND I THINK I KNOW THE VOICE, TOO!

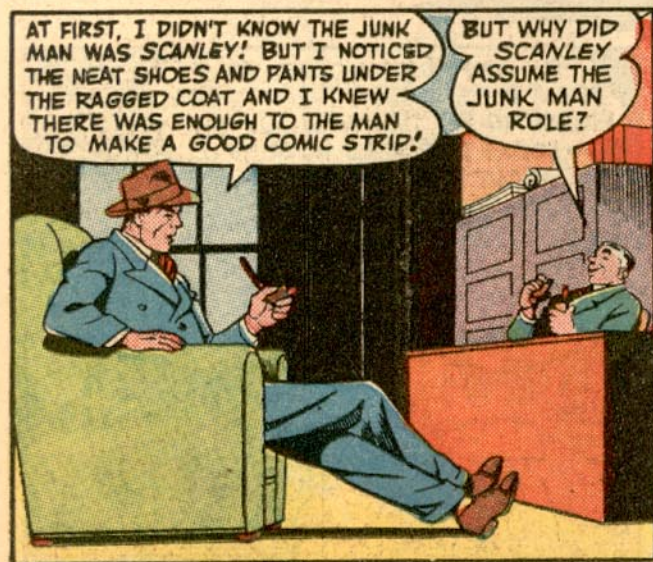
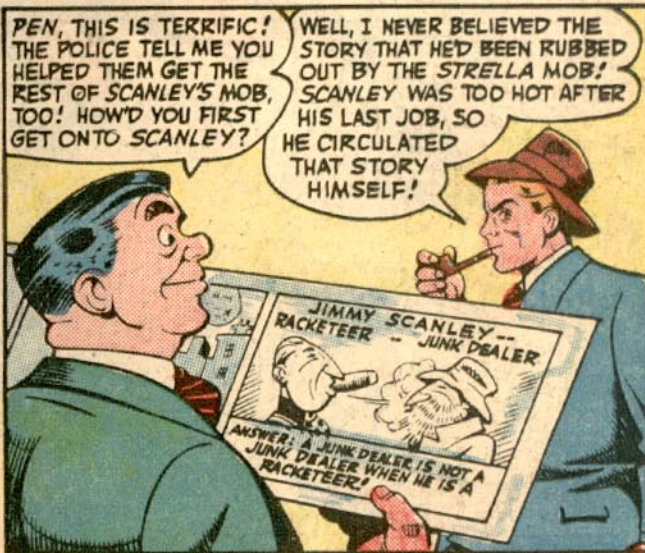


CRACK COMICS





# CRACK COMICS





CRACK COMICS

# HACK O'HARA



When Hack O'Hara, tough New York Cabbie, went literary, he got mixed up with a book that **MADE** bloody history instead of telling about it !!



DRIVE --  
ANYWHERE!

HUH?

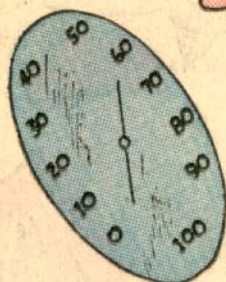


THEY DON'T USUALLY JUST GO  
FOR A DRIVE UNLESS THERE'S A BOY  
FRIEND TO PAY THE FARE! UH-OH!  
... LOOKS LIKE SHE'S WORRIED  
ABOUT BEING TAILED!



# CRACK COMICS

I'LL MAKE IT EASY FOR HER!



YOU'RE SWEET TO STEP ON IT THAT WAY! I WANTED TO GO FAST!

WELL...YOU LOOKED IT! I LIKE TO OBLIGE MY CUSTOMERS!

DO YOU READ MUCH?

SURE! I NEVER MISS A LINE IN THE SPORTING PAGES!

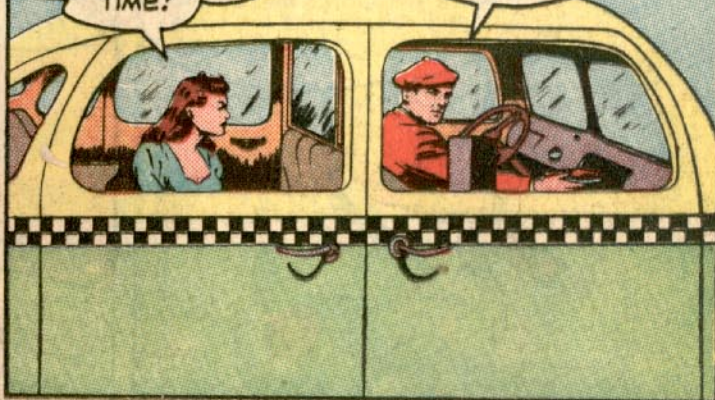


SAY, HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT TAKES ME TO READ A BOOK? BEFORE I RUN INTO YOU AGAIN, I'LL PROBABLY HAVE READ IT TWICE!

I MEAN BOOKS! HERE'S ONE I JUST FINISHED! YOU MAY HAVE IT!

A BOOK, HUH? WELL, SURE, IF YOU'VE FINISHED WITH IT... I DON'T SEE WHY NOT! WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

YOU'D BETTER STOP HERE! MAYBE I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT THE BOOK SOME OTHER TIME!



OH-H-H!

SUBWAY

HEY!

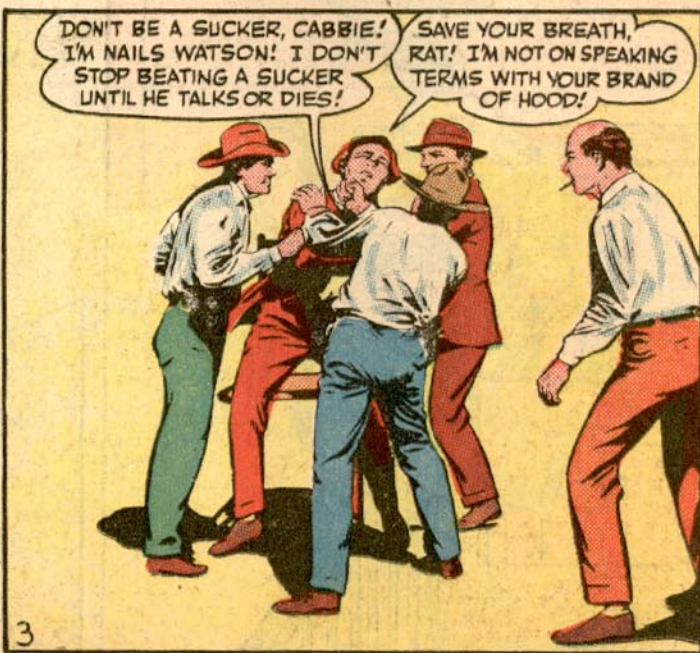
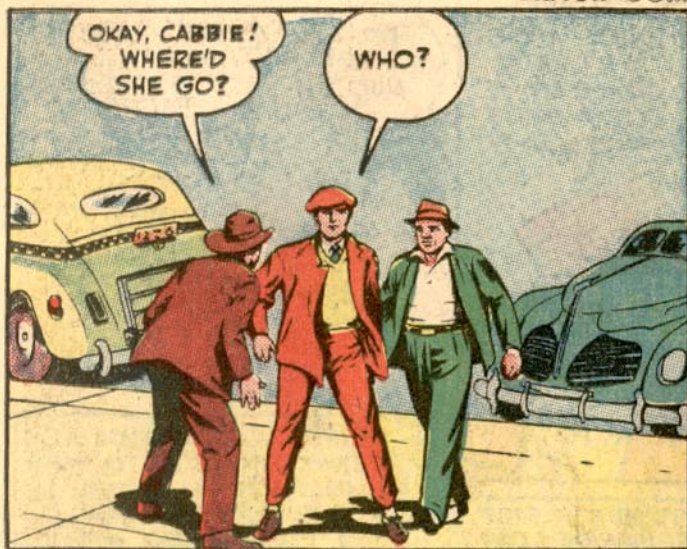


A FINE THING! SHE DUCKED OUT WITHOUT PAYING THE FARE! MAYBE SHE THINKS I LIKE GETTING PAID OFF IN BOOKS!





# CRACK COMICS

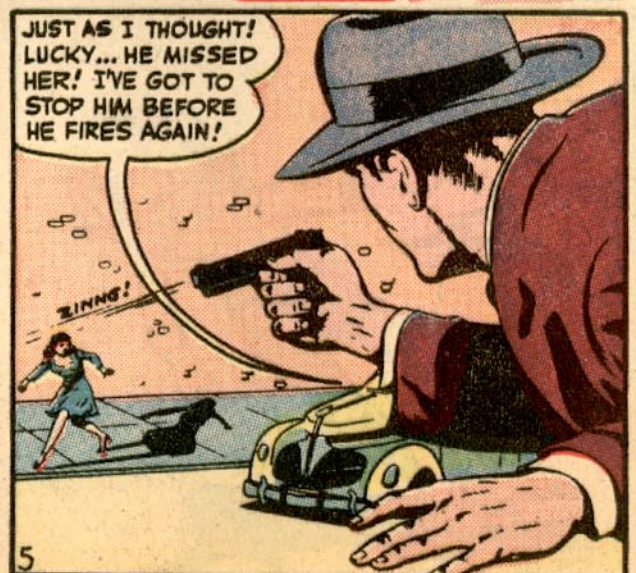




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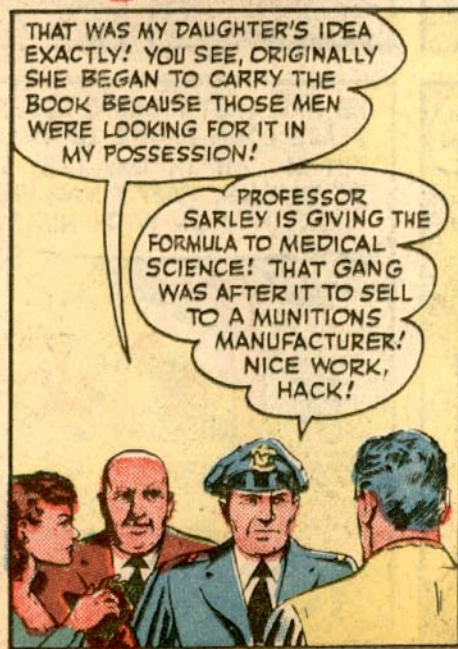
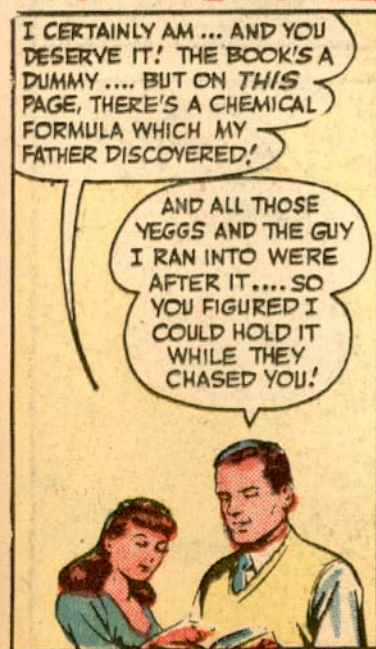
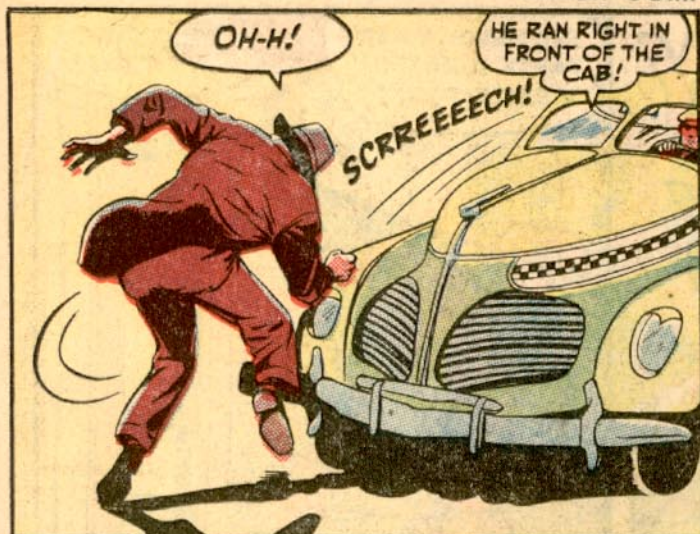




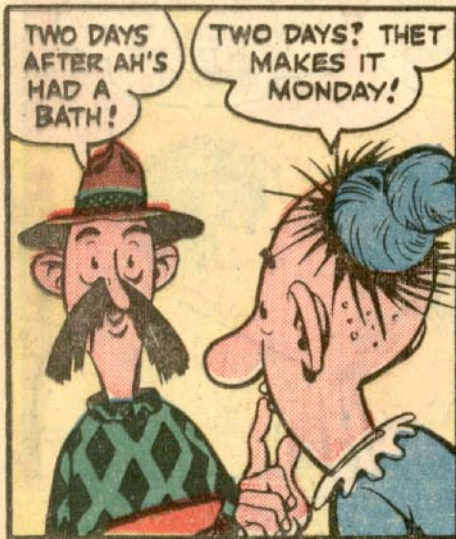
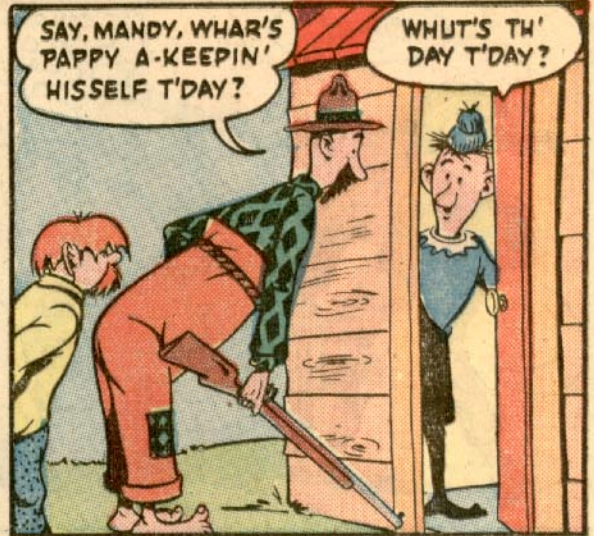
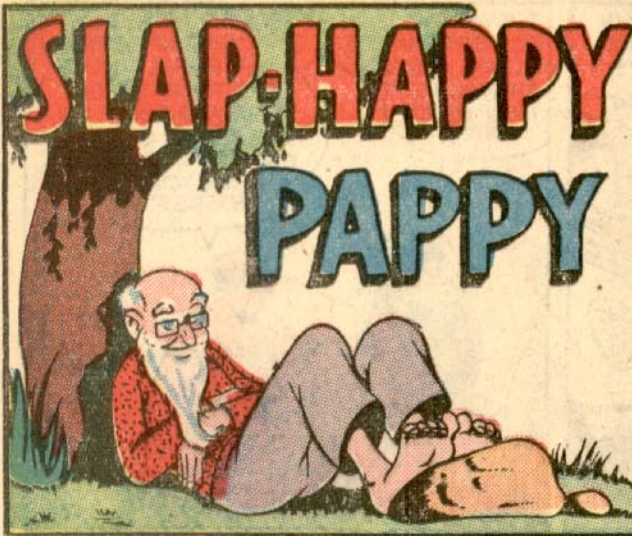




CRACK COMICS









# Neotony

## The Fiji

THAT'S  
WHAT I  
CALL A REAL  
SNOW  
MAN!

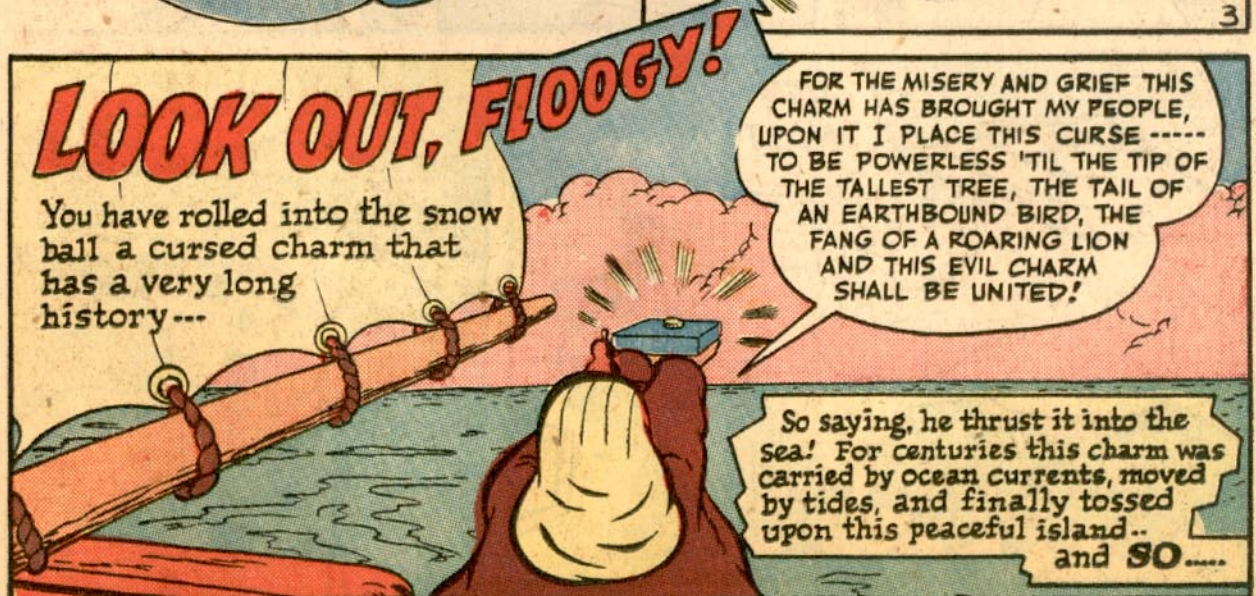




**T**HE WEATHER MAN is having an unusual time, with weather conditions reaching unheard of extremes!





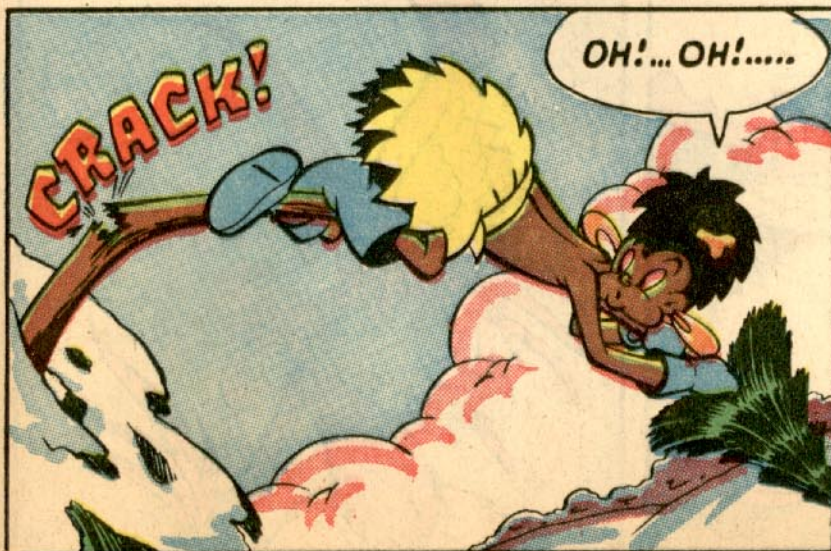
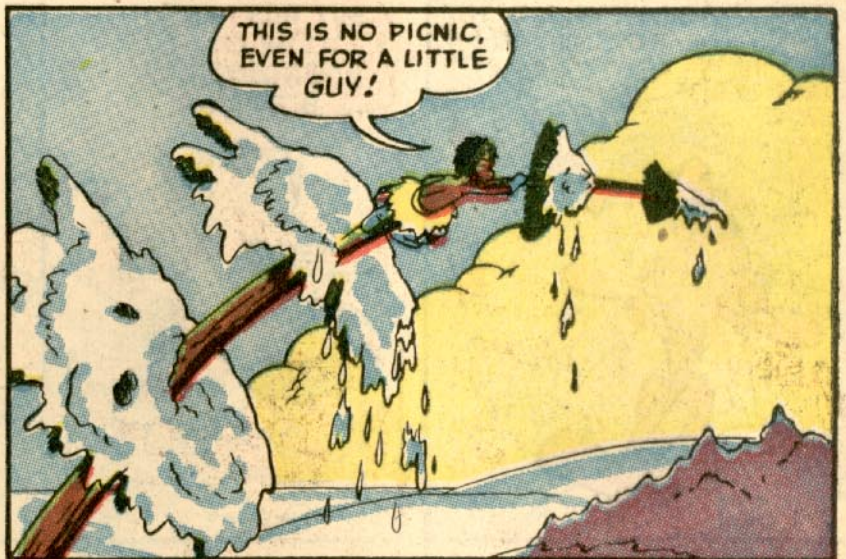




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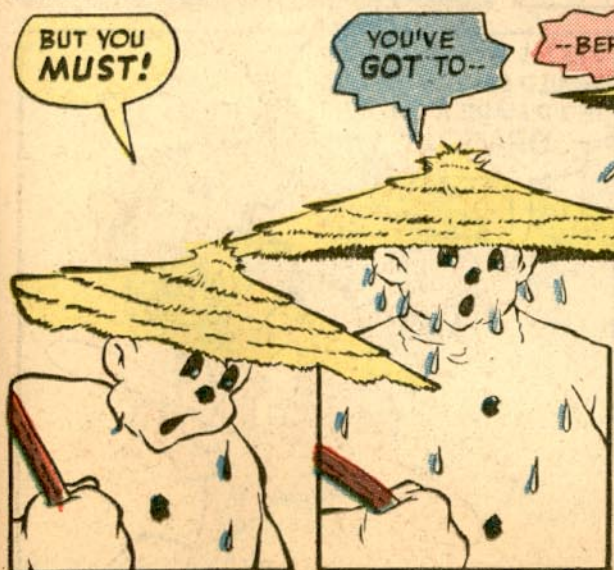
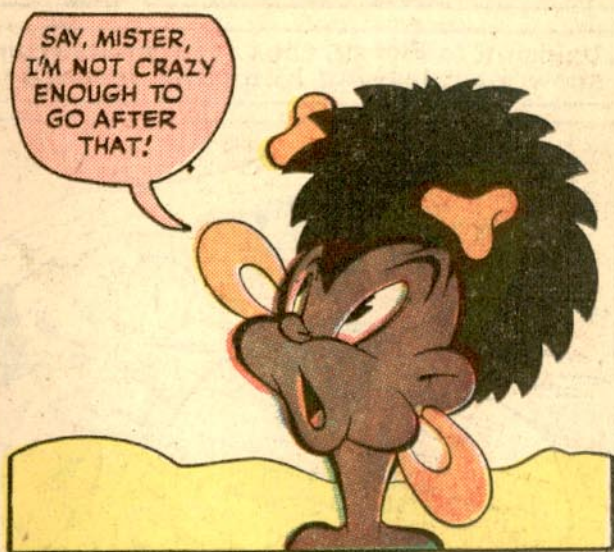
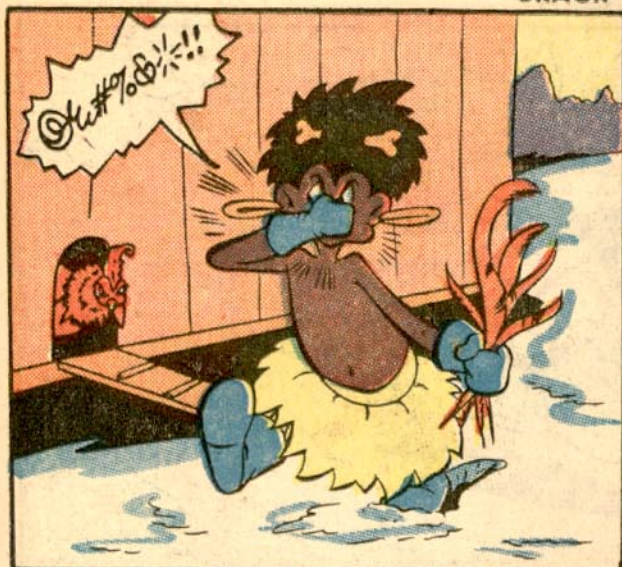








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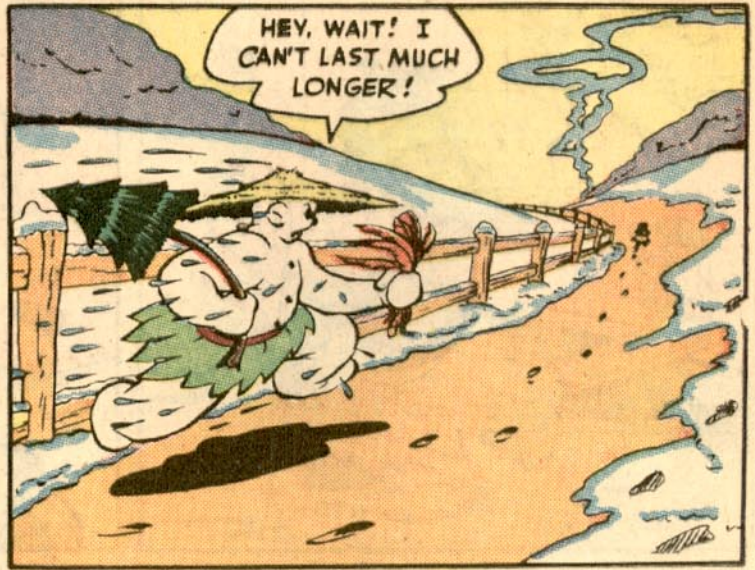


--BEFORE I MELT!



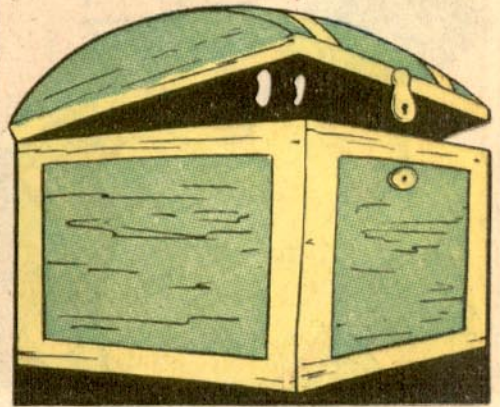
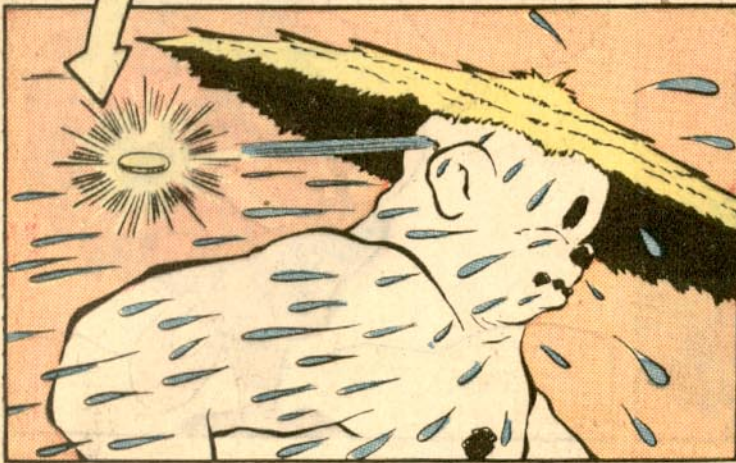


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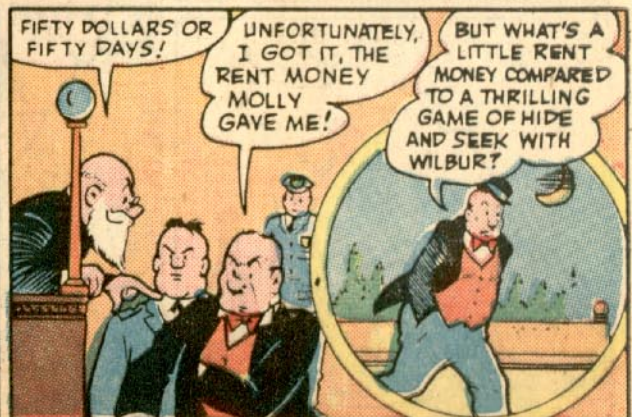
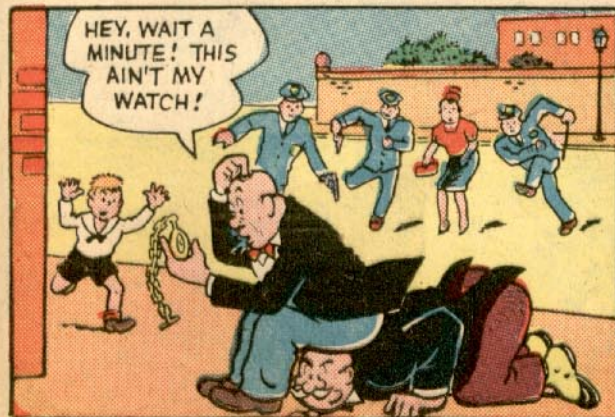
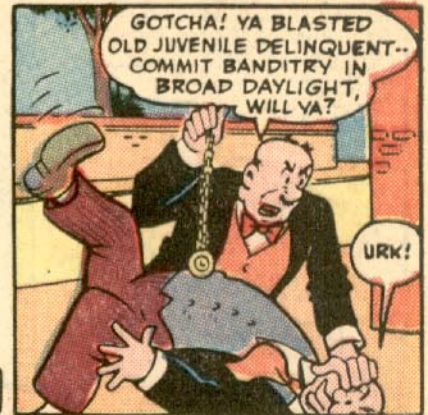
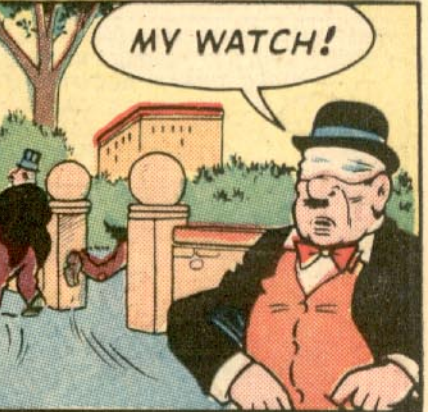
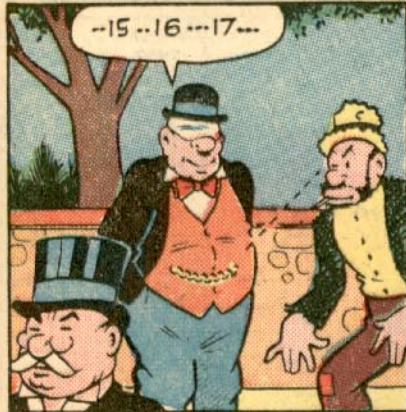
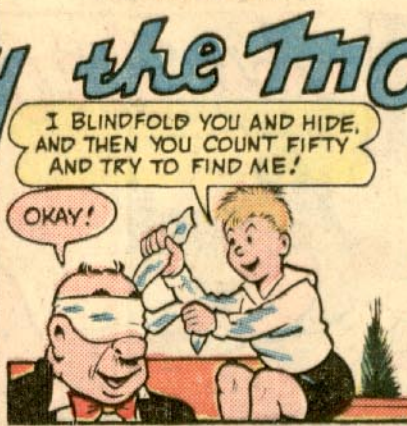
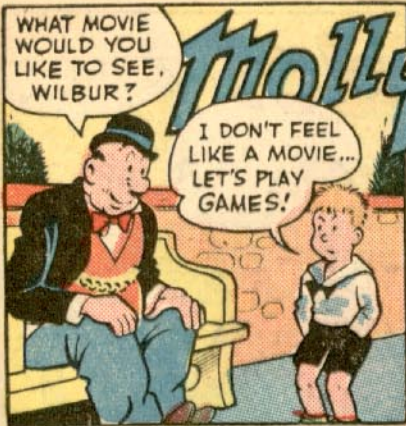


Unknown to Floogy, the charm melts from the  
snow man, leaving him powerless ....

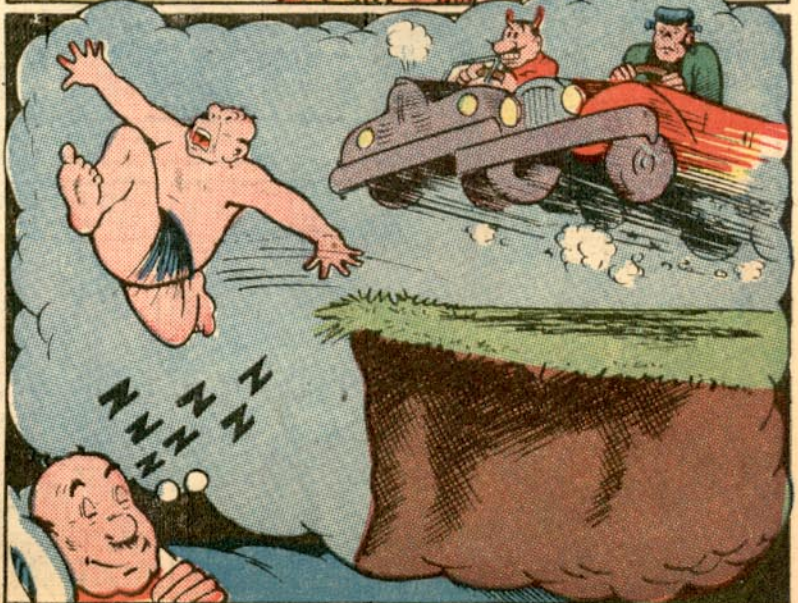
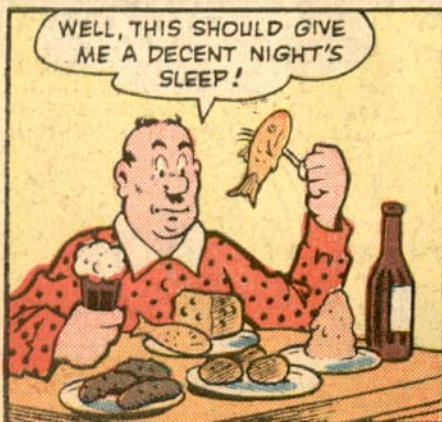
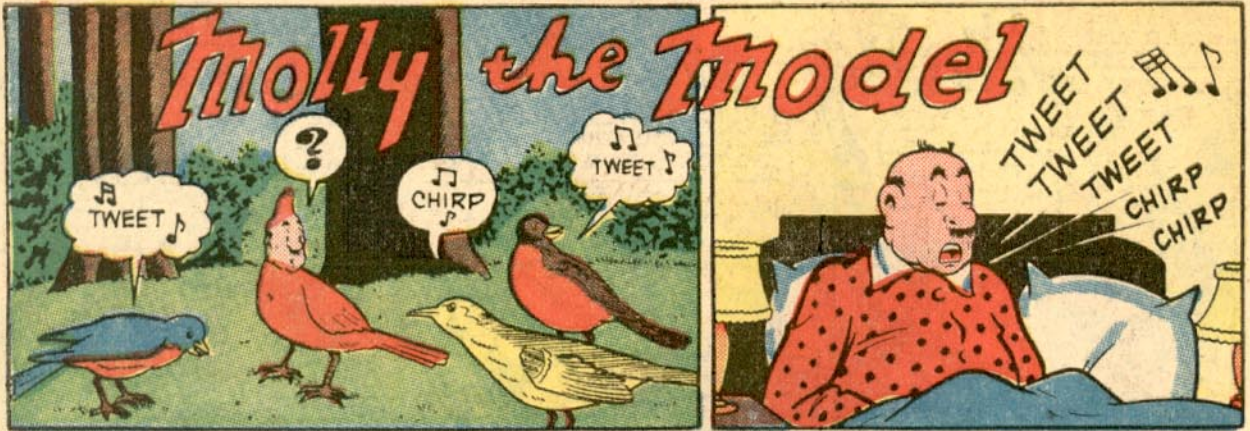
PUFF PUFF PUFF...  
SNOW MUST BE A  
DANGEROUS THING!





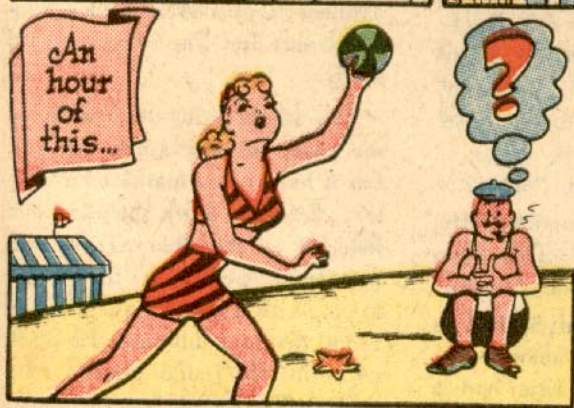
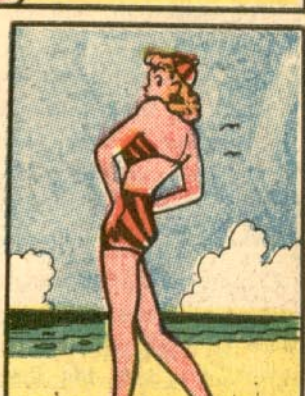
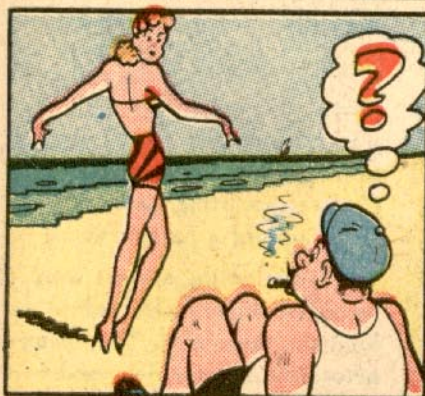








# CRACK COMICS MOLLY THE MODEL





# MURDER *without* CRIME

Police today were puzzled over the finding of an unidentified body of an aged Chinese in lower Chinatown. The cause of his death is still undetermined. An autopsy reveals no traces of poison or foul play.

**P**OLICE Chief Trent regarded the big figure of Sergeant Cripps standing near his desk. "Well, what do you make of it, Cripps? Seems we haven't got anywhere with the investigation."

Cripps, a sour looking individual, scratched his heavy jowl. "Naw I don't get it, Chief. The old chink's dead but there ain't nothing on him that shows why. An' we haven't been able to get a thing outa them chink merchants in the neighborhood."

The chief said. "Chinese are notoriously noncommittal, Cripps. This may be a real mystery."

The chief was right. The thing was a mystery, all right. Not that Chinatown wasn't always filled with mysteries. The East and West never meet—quite. It was true that countless Chinese residents of the neighborhood had been subject to minute questioning, but none of them could give any information as to the cause of the old Chinese' death.

It was Eric Vale, prowling about town for no good reason at all, that supplied the dead man's name. Eric liked to dabble in amateur detective work whenever he had the time. Actually, he had had no trouble finding

the dead man's name. Aw Wat, dealer in antiques, had told him. Aw Wat was an old friend of Eric's father, who had once done him a good turn or other.

"P'lice ask all fo' name of dead countryman. For why we tell, eh, Eric?"

"I don't know," said Eric. "But what's the mystery, Aw Wat? Was the old fellow a friend of yours?"

"Flend? Aw no, Eric. But I know who was that one. He Chang Hu. Once he own shop in Chinatown. Sell silk an' jade; not so good, Chang Hu's merchandise. I know he sell what you Mellicans call 'phonies'."

"So some guy who got stung did him in, is that it, Aw Wat?"

Aw Wat looked blandly at his young friend. "Not that, no. Chang Hu he die for other reason, yes."

"Yeah?" said Eric. "What?"

Aw Wat smiled enigmatically, but shook his head. "That I do not know, young flend. Aw no."

And Eric knew that he had to be satisfied with the answer. Aw Wat wasn't talking. Eric had a faint idea why Chang Hu had died. It wasn't suicide, like some policemen had suggested. If so, how had the Chinese done away with himself? No, Eric felt something else was back of the tragedy.

Several weeks passed, and the mysterious death of Chang Hu was given up by the police as a bad job. Those Chinks certainly pulled some strange ones!

Eric Vale didn't give up, however. He knew that something odd

had happened to cause Chang Hu's death. Just what, he didn't know—yet.

One evening, Eric was roaming through Chinatown just at dusk. There was little activity as this was tea time and most of the shoppers were inside. The cluttered little stores, catering to tourists with their multi-colored assortment of knickknacks and sweet meats were quiet and still. Eric was crossing the street when he saw, down a shadowy alley, two Chinese escorting another hurriedly toward a narrow door.

"Now what the dickens is up?" he asked himself. He fell in behind the three men. They paused before the narrow door and in a moment it opened and they vanished inside. The door closed softly.

The whole thing had occupied the space of only a few seconds, but it had the earmarks of a mystery. Eric ran down the alley and listened at the door. There was no sound. Gently he turned the knob. With a start of surprise, he found the door unbolted. He pushed it in. He found himself in a dark hallway.

Eric listened again. Not a sound broke the utter stillness of the place. Where had the three furtive characters gone? Cautiously he stole down the corridor, pausing at intervals to cock an inquisitive ear. No sounds.

After about twenty feet the hallway came to an abrupt turn. Down this Eric went, quietly. A large door at the end drew his attention. He put his ear to the



## CRACK COMICS

thick oak panels. He could barely make out a low rumble of voices from within. He tried the door. It was not locked. Very slowly he turned the knob and inched the big door open. Only a crack. He gasped at the scene that met his eyes.

It was a scene from some pagan ceremonial. The huge room was in semi-darkness, vaguely lighted by a few tall candles at the far side. They lighted a strange, weird scene: The room was walled in rich silk, like the chamber of some Eastern monarch. On a gilt throne sat a small, dried-up man, dressed in regal robes of white silk spangled in gold and flashing gems. A few words in a sing-song voice issued from his slit of a mouth. He lifted a thin hand. A deep gong was struck.

From another side of the room, the curtains were parted and two tall, muscular Chinese, bared to the waist, led in a groveling figure between them. They brought him before the wizened old man and bowed low.

The sing-song came again. The old man clapped his hands. Two more guards which Eric hadn't seen before stepped into view and took the cringing prisoner. The latter kept up a strange garble. The two newcomers led the frightened man to a post nearby and bound him to it with thin ropes of silk. Then a huge, almost naked Chinese came into the room. He carried a great curved sword.

This man stopped before the old man and listened again to more sing-song. Then he stepped before the bound prisoner. Taking aim, he made a vicious swipe with the great blade, which barely missed the tied man's neck, then he stepped back and bowed to the old man.

The prisoner was cut loose. He stumbled out of the room, making wailing sounds. A man went to the candles and began blowing them out. The weird ritual was evidently over. Eric made tracks for the alley.

Eric went straight to the police chief and told him what he'd seen. The chief looked disbelieving. Then he chuckled.

"Them chinks have a lot of strange ways, Eric," he said. "And I don't guess we Westerns'll ever get on to them. What you saw was probably some goofy religious ceremony. Forget it. We never interfere with 'em, long's they don't cause no trouble."

Eric left the station feeling that he hadn't heard the correct explanation of the thing. However, he thought, it's no skin off my nose. He walked off whistling a jaunty air.

One afternoon a few days later, Eric was making a small purchase in a Chinese grocery when a wan, thin man entered. In a glance Eric recognized him as the prisoner of the ritual. The man, cringing, accosted the clerk in a whining voice. Eric was able to make out, in his stumbling Chinese, that the request was for food.

The clerk didn't deign to look at him. With a shrug he brushed away from him. The man followed, begging again. The clerk replied in an angry tone and indicated the door. The prisoner stumbled out, muttering.

"Say," said Eric, "I know that old chap. What's the matter with him? Wanted food, didn't he?"

The clerk regarded Eric for a moment. Then he nodded. "Yes," he replied in good English. "He wanted food. I would not sell it to him. He is dead."

"Dead!" gasped Eric. "B-but—He is not dead. I don't get it."

The young clerk shrugged as if to say, "So what?" Then he turned and went about his business. Eric left without further questioning. It was evident that the clerk didn't want to be interrogated.

Something more than a week later, the man Eric had seen in the grocery was found dead in much the same circumstances as had the first dead man. There were no marks upon him. He was just lying in the street—dead.

Eric hurried to his old friend's place. Aw Wat. He demanded to know the answers. Aw Wat heard him out, then he smiled.

"I'll tell you, my fiend," he told Eric. "In my country we have different ways than in America. Both these men who have died, did so I might say at their own hand. Both were condemned by the high tribunal of the Tong judges. Both had sinned against their tongs."

"Yeah," said Eric. "I saw one of those things not long ago."

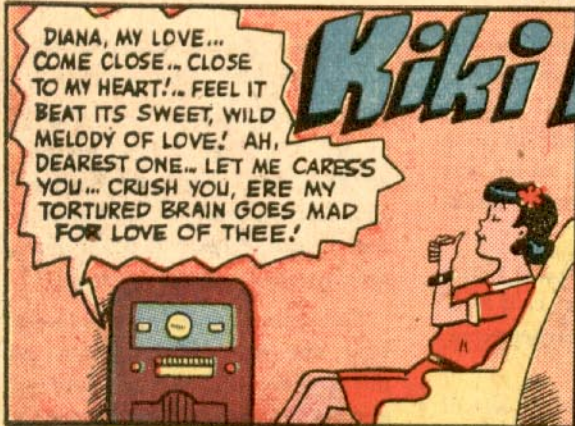
"I know," said Aw Wat. "You saw the executioner make the sword pass, but no harm was done. In America you'd say murder had been done if the man was killed. So we make the pretense only. Then the condemned is set loose. Word goes out to everyone that he is then dead. You saw what happened in the grocery of Sin Yat. No food was sold to the man. All merchants do the same thing. The offender cannot buy food, and so—"

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed Eric. "So he just starves to death, eh? Executed by starvation!"

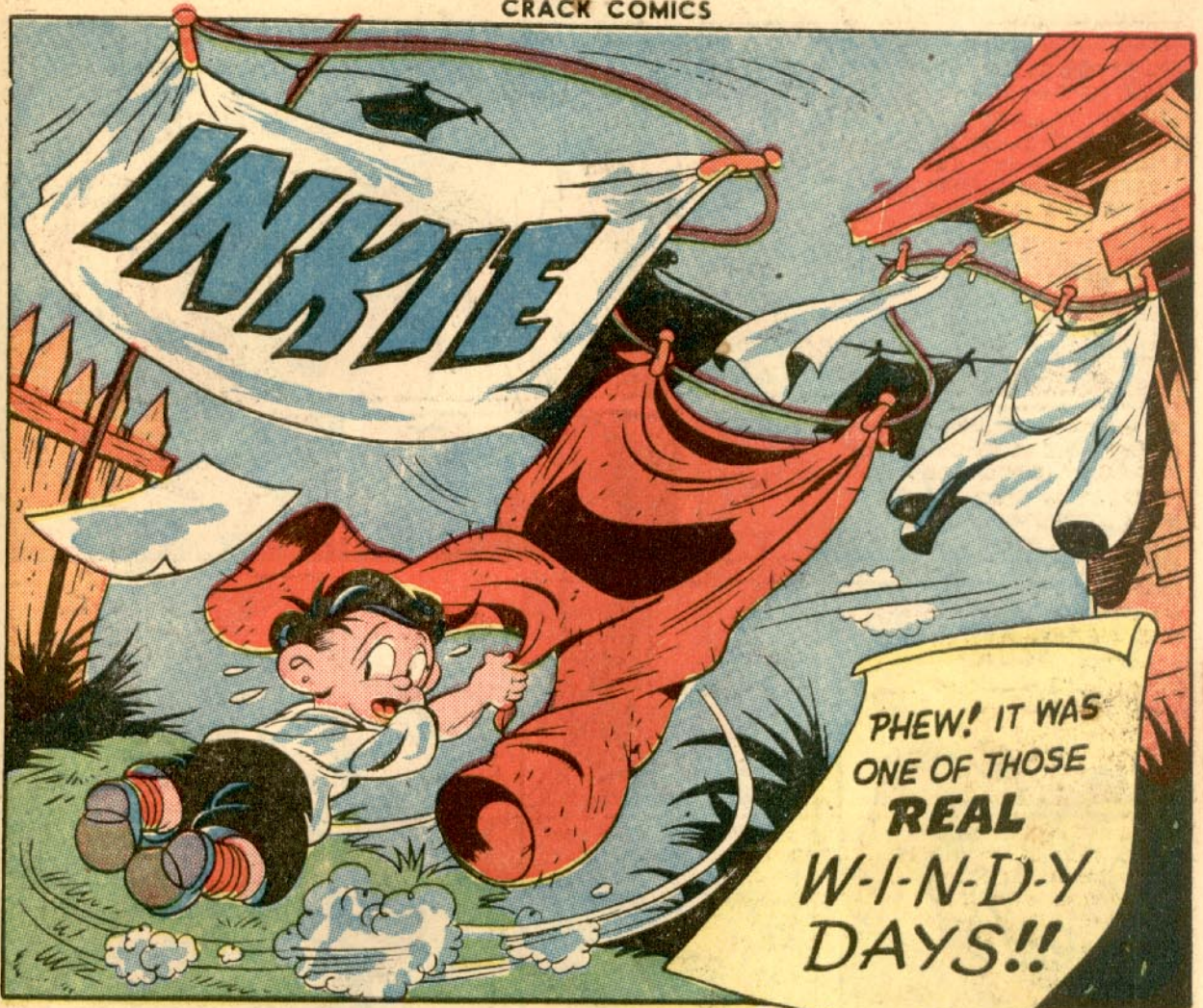
Aw Wat inclined his head, "Precisely," he stated.



# Kiki Kelly







So what chance has a little guy like **INKIE**, against such elements?

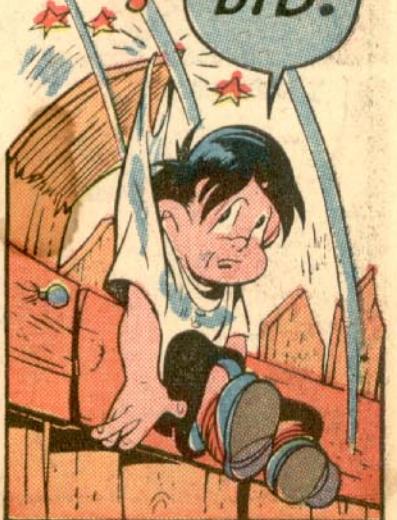
NONE, WHATSOEVER!  
➤ GULP ➤

The inevitable was about to happen....

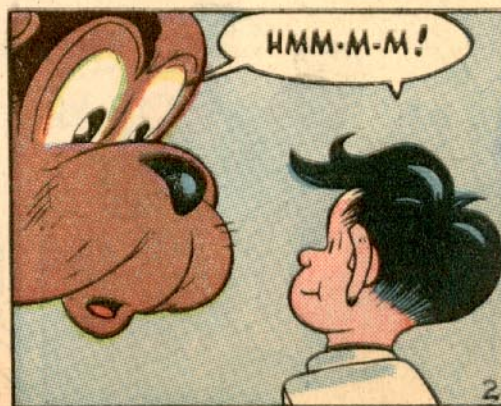


**RIP!**

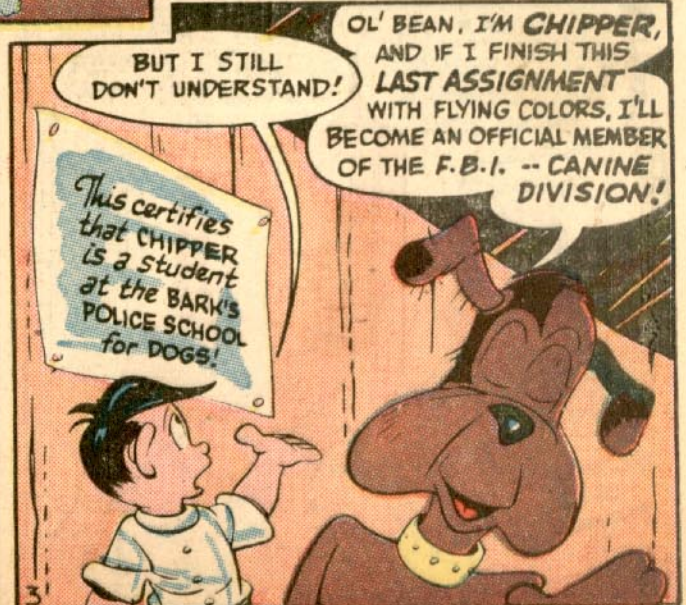
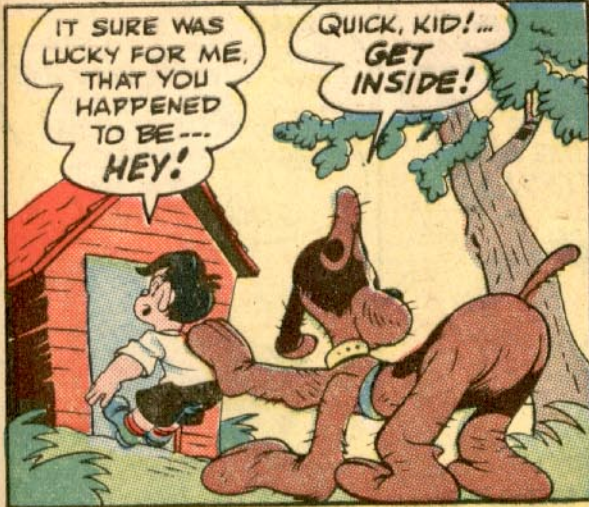
...AND IT **DID!**



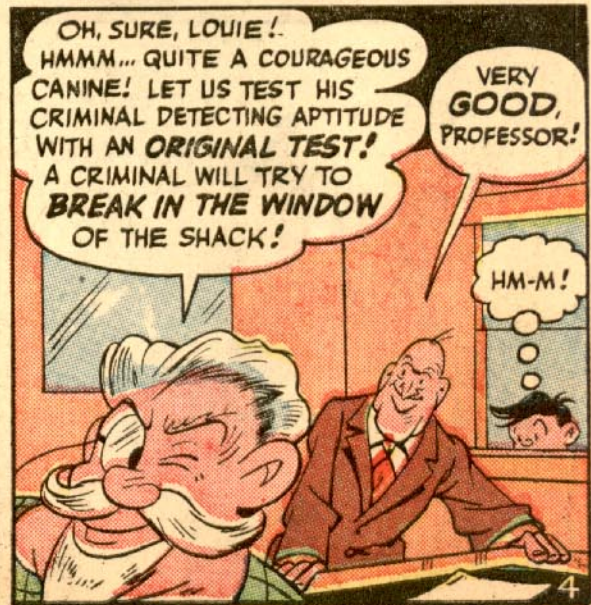
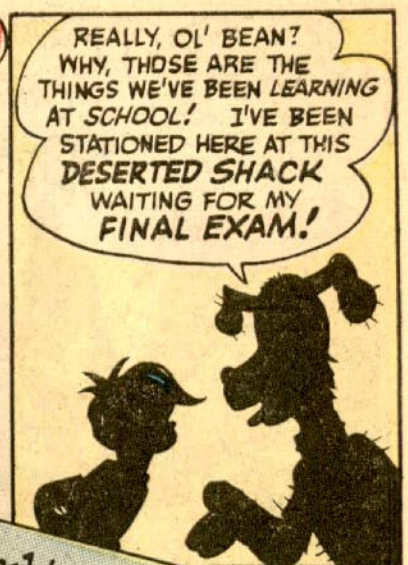
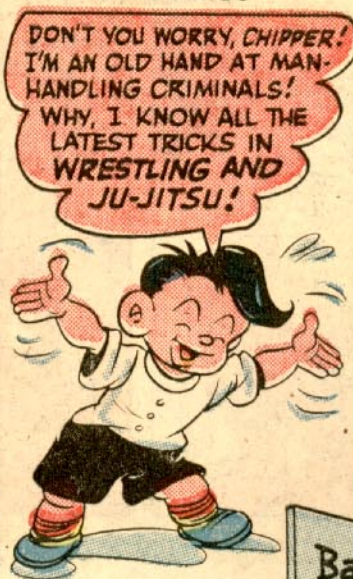




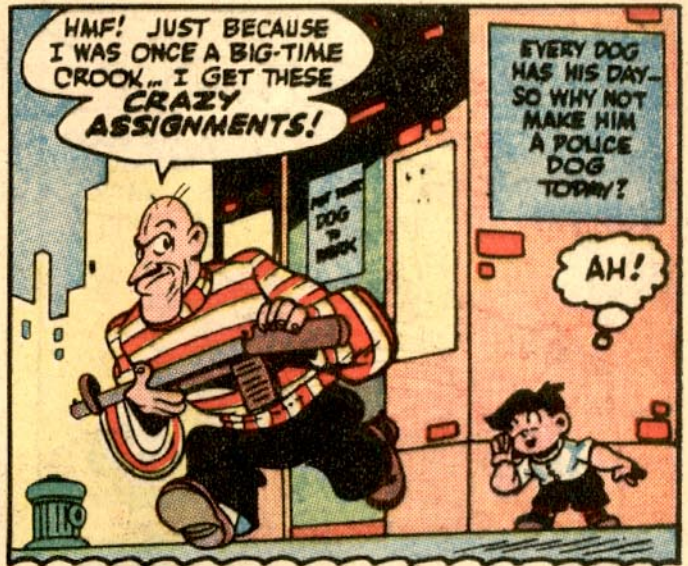






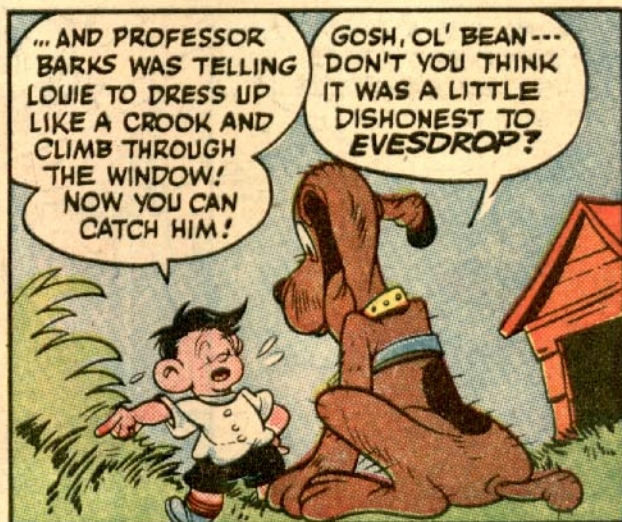






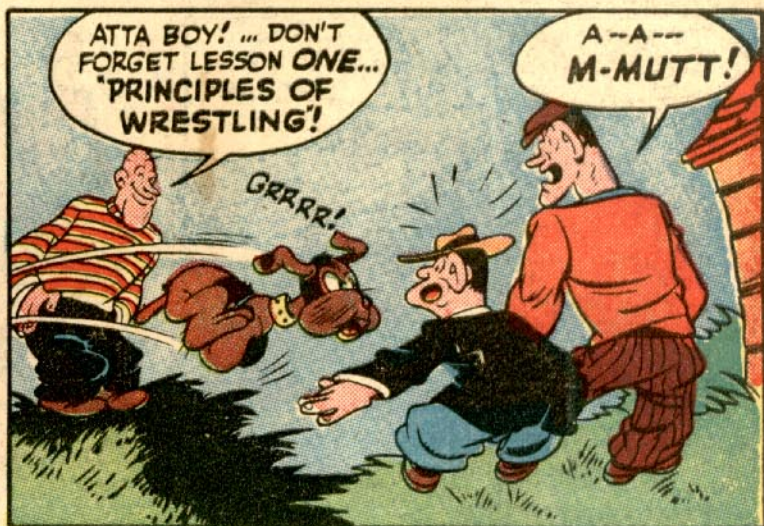


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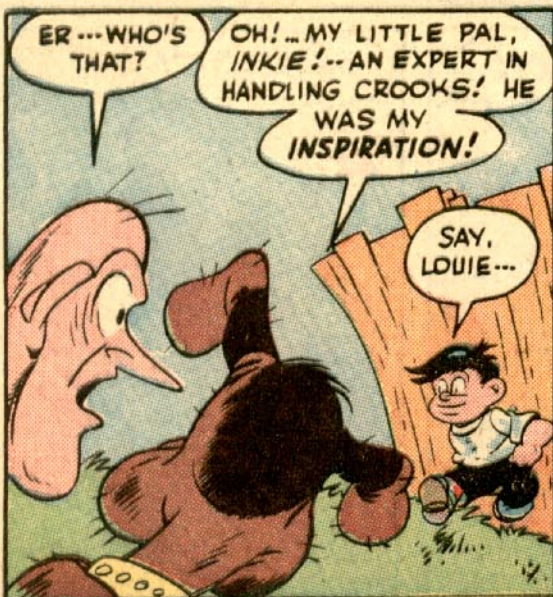
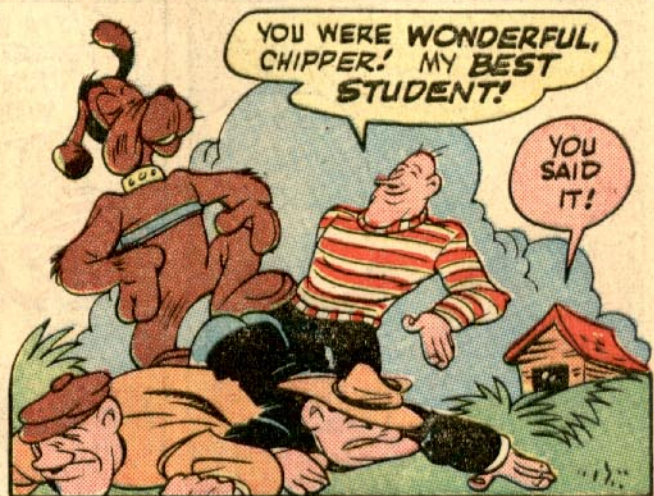


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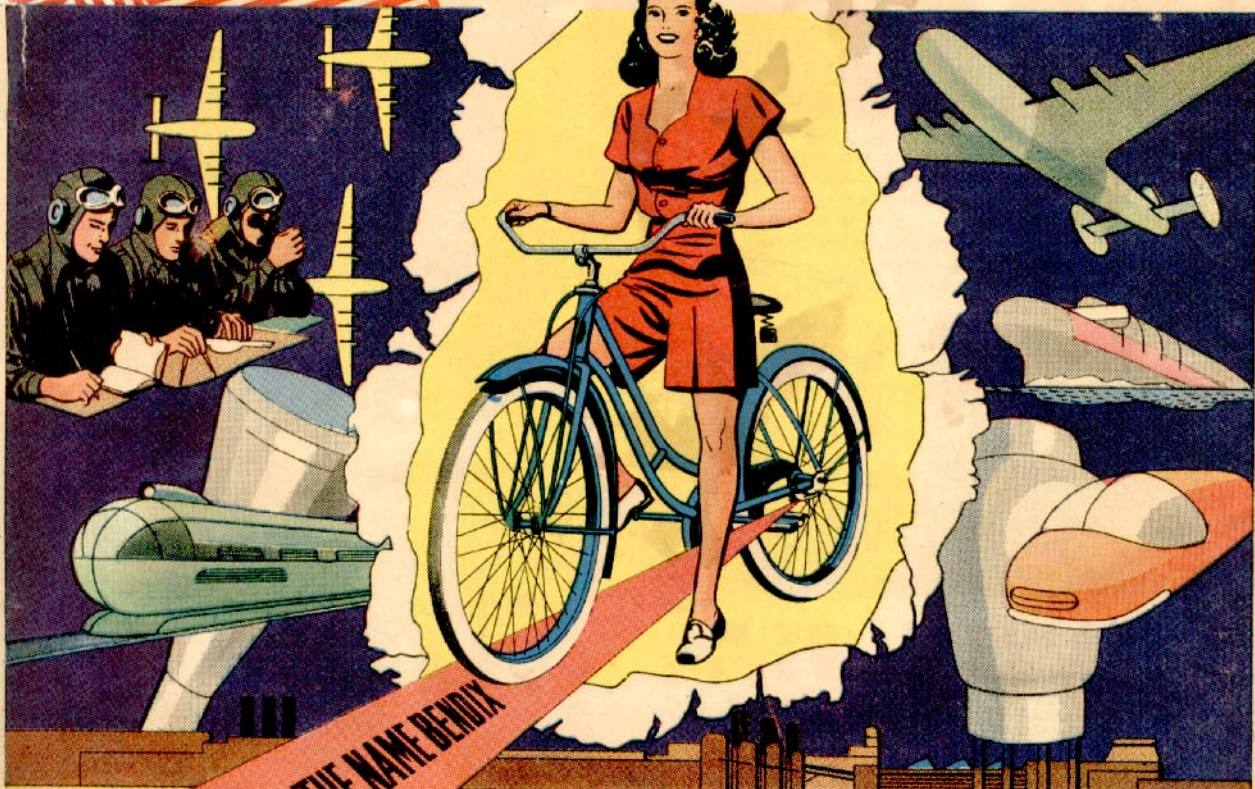
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# ANNOUNCING!

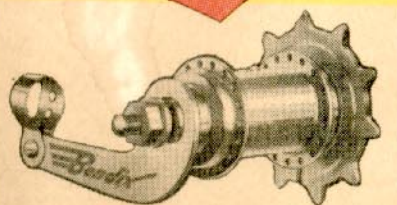
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# What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into **MEN!**

*Charles Atlas*

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**G**IVE ME a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*



## Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN—IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

### What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

### One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-G, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

## FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-G, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330-G  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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